THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVI No. 1779 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEB. 24 1934

QUICK SURE RELIEF FROM NERVE PAINS

Genasprin

THE SAFE BRAND

"OLD FORTY"

SCOTCH WHISKY

Known officially as "FORTIFICATION"

Ask for it as "Old Forty." Home or Overseas, "Old Forty" is reliable and undeviating in quality.

FOUNDED 1816.

SIMPSON SHEPHERD & SONS LTD
ABERDEEN

The Most Popular Drink To-day

"Presta"

TRADE MARK

SPARKLING GRAPE FRUIT

The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR.

9/- per ½ bottle
17/6 per bottle

Of all first-class Wine Merchants

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS

THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Important.—Sold only in sealed packets. Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10 and 4/4 per lb.
Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ld., 30/34, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS-118

1843 1934

FOR NINETY - ONE YEARS

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have carried on the glorious work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women. 1,100 children are always being maintained in the Society's Homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston and Twickenham, and in the Training Ship "Arethusa."

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by Sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1

PRICE ONE SHILLING

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Office: 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear
Infection Overcome
Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief —

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V105

Why this jovial outlook, eh? He's getting

YOUNGER

every day!

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S

Scotch Ale

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

OGDEN

The **ADMIRAL'S CHOICE**

● Critical men, the world over, prefer the Kropp, because it gives years of continuous and luxurious shaving. It never requires grinding.

In case, Black handle, **10/6**; Ivory handle, **18/-**
From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Free copy of illustrated "Shaver's Kit" Booklet, No. 170, sent on request.

Try the New Kropp Bakelite Shaving Stick. Price **1/3**. *Also Kropp Shaving Cream,* **1/3** *large tube.*

KROPP ALL BRITISH
OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

A delightfully cool sweet smoke, burning free and evenly .... an Empire Blend of the highest quality.

PLAYER'S AIRMAN
MIXTURE

ALSO AIRMAN NAVY CUT AND FLAKE — 10°oz
NAVY CUT DE-LUXE 11°oz

10D PER OZ

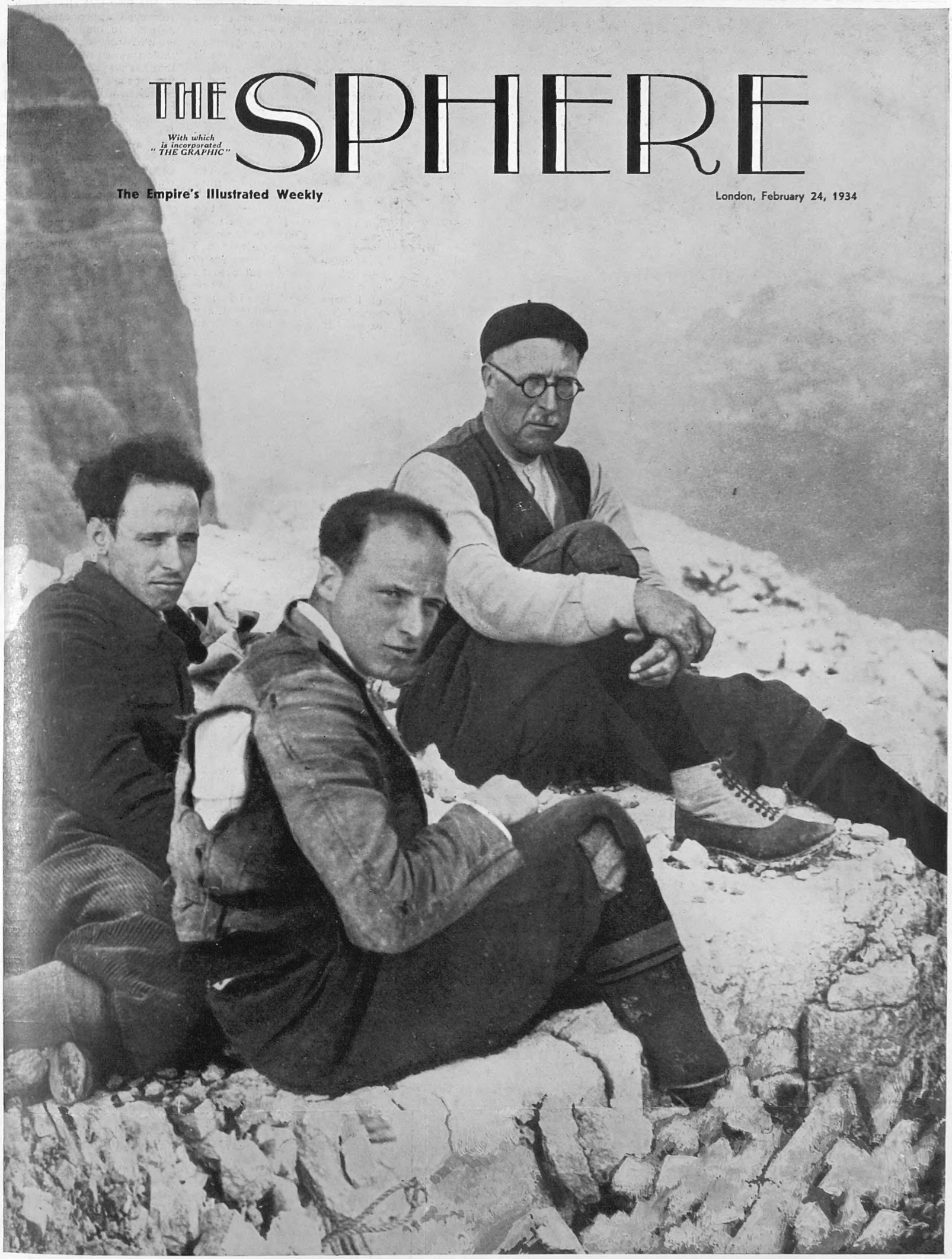
P.A. 37.E

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 24, 1934

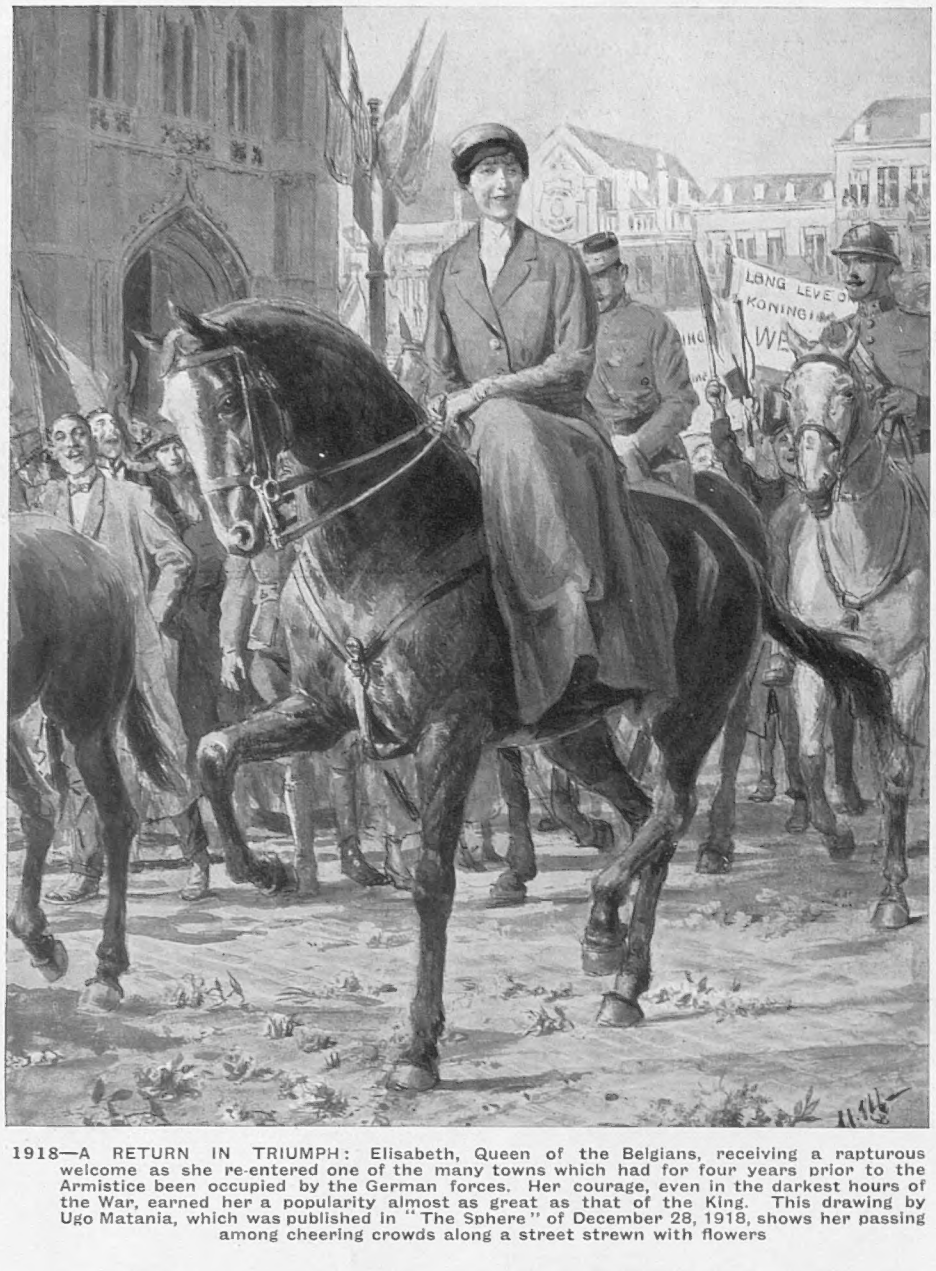


MONARCH AND MOUNTAINEER

An Intimate Picture of the late King Albert Engaged in his Favourite Pursuit which, by the Irony of Fate, was the Cause of his Death

On Sunday last the world was dismayed by the news that King Albert had met his death as a result of a 200 ft. fall while rock-climbing in the neighbourhood of Namur. It seems unbelievable that this man in the prime of life, whose courage had been an inspiration to his people in the desolate days of the German invasion, and whose wisdom had guided Belgium through the difficult post-War years, should to-day be but a memory. The King was returning to Brussels by car on Saturday afternoon when he decided to stop at Marche-les-Dames and climb the Corneille pinnacle. One of the rocks, evidently loosened by a recent thaw, failed to bear his weight, and so the tragedy happened. King Albert was an expert mountaineer and well able, in normal conditions, to look after himself when climbing alone. In the past he had accomplished many difficult ascents in the Dolomites, and on one occasion saved the lives of other members of his party by holding on to an enormous rock which threatened to crash down on those following him. His death was the outcome of no foolhardy enterprise; it was a piece of pure mischance which has resulted in a grievous and irreparable loss to the Belgian nation. *(Further pictures will be found on pp. 254–259 of this issue)*

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.



1918—A RETURN IN TRIUMPH: Elisabeth, Queen of the Belgians, receiving a rapturous welcome as she re-entered one of the many towns which had for four years prior to the Armistice been occupied by the German forces. Her courage, even in the darkest hours of the War, earned her a popularity almost as great as that of the King. This drawing by Ugo Matania, which was published in "The Sphere" of December 28, 1918, shows her passing among cheering crowds along a street strewn with flowers

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 21, 1934.

A GOOD KING.—The tragic story of King Albert's death evoked almost universal grief and shock. Of whatever country, class, or shade of political opinion, men and women had King Albert summed up as a king and as a man who set duty before all other considerations, and country before self; and who was in every sense of the word a good man, a model king, and a great gentleman. None so mean or self-centred but must truly feel a vivid sympathy for his brave Queen. The whole story of his lonely and unattended climb and his unwitnessed death read like a chapter from the *Prisoner of Zenda*. In this country we are not used to the idea of kings or even princes taking solitary excursions, or driving themselves unattended through the countryside. But for me, at any rate, it needed not this Ruritanian touch to invest King Albert with romance. It has been my fate that Brussels shall stand all my life as the centre of romance. It was the first foreign capital I visited in boyhood. *Vanity Fair* and the first *Creevey Papers* invested that city and the Field of Waterloo with a romance which has only grown with the years; and when the Great War drew to an end my brigade advanced to the Field of Waterloo just before the Armistice and I, with one other, was privileged to enter Brussels on that never-to-be-forgotten day when King Albert and the Queen and their children rode back into their capital between lanes of cheering Belgians whose joy was expressed rather in tears than smiles.

AN UNDYING MEMORY.—Just that one glimpse I was afforded of what the ideals of citizenship, patriotism, and the Christian spirit really are. One glimpse, and then the vision faded never to return. There was, for that brief hour, not one man, woman, or child in the streets of Brussels who would not cheerfully have handed to any British soldier in the city his dearest possession, not one who did not that day set King and country, duty and his neighbour, before self and party. A golden October sun shone down on the beautiful town, turning its buildings and streets into pure gold as, slowly and informally, the procession appeared and passed. First came the King, in khaki, and wearing a rather battered steel helmet, on his right hand our Duke of York, on his left the Queen in her khaki habit. Behind rode on rough ponies the Count of Flanders in middy's uniform on the right, the Duke of Brabant in the centre, and Princess Marie José on the Duke's left, with her golden hair like a halo round her head. They formed up in the Square before the Chamber of Deputies and we stood beside them. I can hear now the triumphant voice of Count Willy de Grünne floating clearly out from a window overhead and can still see the tears of joy in the eyes of many privileged watchers. Then we hurried into the Chamber in time to see the entry of the King. We saw him blessed by the old Cardinal Mercier, and heard every simple, dignified, and heartfelt word of his soldierly speech from the throne. It was a memory that can never die, a vision and an experience which never can be repeated. And now that great and good man is himself a memory.

AUSTRIA'S FUTURE.—The word "Peterloo" still after a century retains some of its bitter and vivid significance in this country. When we remember this fact, we cannot take an optimistic view of the future of Austria. A hundred years cannot wipe out the memory of the past unhappy days. Every death in that hideous civil war may add its influence to the break-up of what is left of Austria. And it matters not that those deaths were obliquely suicides, that Dollfuss' actions were forced upon him by intolerable provocation, and that the situation rapidly went beyond the control even of a superman. The memory of the slaughter must remain for decades after the causes which led to the fighting are forgotten. Nor have those causes much chance to be understood. It is necessary only to skim the foreign Press commentary to appreciate how fogged are the issues. With half the Press of Europe muzzled and in perpetual dread of punishment, any expression of honest views is hard to find, but the muzzling of free speech is not the only reason why the issue in Austria is so little clarified. The old parties in Germany could not, if they would, decide on the line to take. The Nazis themselves are estopped from criticism of methods in large measure their own patent, to meet conditions of which they have only too much experience. Within and without, Austria is beset with dissension and danger. Italy is standing vigilant on one border, Germany watching like a vulture on another, and the League of Nations, itself like a dying camel on a caravan track, sees in Austria the last straw of an intolerable weight of responsibility. The Peace of Europe was never a more remote ideal, and the repercussions of the civil war in Austria must for years to come be felt in Europe and seriously increase the social and political troubles of all European countries. It is hard on civilization, and bitterly hard on Austria.

AN EXPERIMENT WORTH WATCHING.—No event in our time deserves watching with deeper interest than Mr. Roosevelt's first steps to deal with the second (and most important) of his self-imposed tasks. As we all know, he set out not only to restore the economic foundations of the United States, but to reform the whole fabric of American social life. In the very urgency of the problem he was restricted first to dealing with the economic issue. His Stock Exchange Regulation Bill, while obviously a step in the economic programme, is essentially a first effort to cope with the moral issue. Next to Prohibition, the long uncontrolled wave of speculation has done most to undermine and corrupt the standards of social life in the States. The stringency of the tentative clauses of the new Bill shows how much Mr. Roosevelt appreciates this truth. He proposes to bind down and control the members of the Stock Exchange and their transactions with a thoroughness that has no parallel, and although modifications are certain, it looks as if the President will not be satisfied with half measures. Small wonder if the thermometer in mercurial Wall Street has fallen low. The real value of history as a guide to coming events lies in a study of the tendencies of contemporary thought and fashion in different countries. The only history valuable for this purpose is a parallel history.

DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY.—We observe in America, France, and England, too, the same warning signs. These countries have retained largely unrationalized their pre-War systems of Government and in each case, but in varying degrees of severity, scandalous instances of unchecked and unrealized corruption by more or less public (whether official or financial) individuals or bodies have been brought to light. The principle of divided responsibility, of (in a word) sheltering under the umbrella of committees, has proved quite inadequate to cope with international problems and with domestic, economic, and moral issues at the same time. Only the nations which have found a man, and invested him with dictatorial powers, have hitherto made any serious attempt to wrestle with all the problems at once. It is a remarkable instance of the truth of the nursery maxim that too many cooks spoil the broth. Under the outworn systems of government, many hands make light work and light-hearted ministers. They come in under the umbrella and look hopefully from beneath it for blue patches in the sky. Italy found the man and purged the social impurities of Italian social life. Roosevelt, nominally President of a Democratic nation, in fact an absolute Dictator, is modelling himself on Mussolini. France has at long last realized the awful truth, but is still looking for the man.

DEAN'S YARD CHANGES.—Lovers of Westminster are still up in arms at the proposal (favoured by the Dean and to be made practical politics by a private member's Bill) to pull down a part of the charming façade of eighteenth-century houses in Dean's Yard—one of the last sanctuaries of old London—and to replace it with a new and enlarged Church House. A good deal of pressure has already been put on the appropriate M.P.s, and last week the Dean and the Archdeacon conducted a large party of M.P.s over the scene of the proposed changes. Insidious propaganda (so the lovers of Westminster will call it) was served out. It was pointed out:

(*a*) That the old houses to be sacrificed were already tottering to their fall through subsidence and are merely temporarily propped up from collapse.

SURVEYING HIS BATTLE-SCARRED COUNTRY: King Albert and Lord French walking through the streets of Ypres prior to the rebuilding of the town. The King's heroism during the War, when he stood in the trenches side by side with his troops and took the risks of the private soldier, will never be forgotten

(*b*) The new building will "retain the present appearance and in no wise detract from the amenities of the Abbey precincts."

(*c*) The scheme will give to the Chapter a much larger revenue, to Westminster School a new boarding house free of cost, as well as vastly increased space for Church House needs.

(*d*) The scheme admittedly includes the scrapping of the present rectory of Canon Carnegie, of St. Margaret's, but he is not to be disturbed or removed (from No. 17 to No. 20) while he lives.

To this insidious range of arguments the friends of the Abbey reply:

(*a*) A tithe of the money to be spent would recondition the enchanting old houses for another century.

(*b*) The print of the proposed new façade writes "Bunkum" across the claim that the present appearance and amenities will be in no wise spoiled.

(*c*) No doubt the Chapter will get an increased revenue, but that end does not justify the means, nor has a case of sufficient urgency been made out to justify a new Church House.

(*d*) Nothing can justify any substitution for the present rectory of St. Margaret's.

You range yourself on one side or on the other. The Dean is either a far-sighted and able manager or a ruthless iconoclast. The old houses could be saved by reconditioning or they are tottering to a dangerous and certain collapse. Church House space is urgently needed or perfectly adequate. The Chapter is already passing rich or in dire need of revenue. London should be preserved as a museum or constantly refashioned to serve her changing needs. One thing only is agreed. Each side is sincere, unbending, and single-minded in the views it holds.

THE "MISTLETOE BOUGH."

—Last week at Christie's the "only original" chest of the "Mistletoe Bough" legend came under the hammer and was knocked down to Mr. Francis Howard at 95 guineas. This chest, of heaviest oak, panelled and most curiously carved, has at least one proof of its "genuineness." Once the lid had fallen on an unwary occupant of the chest, whether gentle bride or strong man, no amount of strength exerted from within could raise that lid again. It is a curiously persistent legend, this of the "Mistletoe Bough." The English tale is of the young bride of Lord Lovel, who on her wedding night proposed a game of hide and seek. She chose the oak chest for her own hiding place . . . and was not found again till, years afterwards, the chest was sold and the sad skeleton found inside. Samuel Rogers was the first notable in literature to revive the old legend. He carried the scene to Italy and made Ginevra of the Orsini the victim; there are other versions in Collet's *Relics of Literature* and in *Causes Célèbres*. This particular chest comes from the Stapleton family at Grey's Court, Henley. All other claims to be the only original scene of the legend belong as of right to Hampshire. They are Marwell Old Hall, Winchester, an ancient home of the Seymours and later of the Dacres; Malshanger, near Basingstoke; and, best authenticated of all, Bramshill, between Aldershot and Reading, time out of mind the seat of the Cope family. So the legend has never strayed from one locality—in England.

PRIVATE ARMAMENT FIRMS.

—The arguments against the abolition in this country of private armament firms are so overwhelming that even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer Mr. Duff Cooper when he wittily made in the House the easy and overpowering points against the motion for abolition. It may be cynical, but it is inevitable, that for some time to come British policy in regard to military preparation must be "Trust in the League of Nations and keep your powder dry." It were childish to spend millions on even a tiny army and then to equip it with flint locks and Mons Megs. It is unanswerable that if we abolish in Britain the private manufacture of arms, we should enormously stimulate increased manufacture in every other country, while adding to the taxpayers' burden here in increased costs of arsenals and government shops, whose output might be largely undisposed of. Ideals are splendid things. The world cannot get on without idealists and ideals, and no ideal is nobler than that of peace. But ideals are nothing but a slow process of thawing the ice or melting the iron of hard facts. And hard facts have got to be faced.

LIGHTED SIGNS.

—It was high time that a serious start should be made in the campaign against vulgar, flaunting, and uncontrolled lighted signs on buildings. These expressions of public opinion take years, sometimes decades, to make any impression on Parliament. The issue in the present campaign is happily simple and clear-cut. Briefly stated the proposition is: that artificially lighted advertisements on buildings are increasing and multiplying in vulgarity and numbers without any sort of control or with very inadequate control. There is justification for such displays only in cities and only in certain parts of such cities. Thus Piccadilly Circus is a fit spot for an ordered, decent, and regulated display. Whitehall, as the approach to London's historic and official quarters, is definitely not so. I love the "lights of London" and welcome a display of artificially lit slogans, if their taste is kept in bounds, in appropriate areas; but uncontrolled congestion of such displays on buildings is inexcusable, and certain areas must be kept free of flaunting commercialism for dignity's sake. The same problem is being pressed, and is far more advanced, from another quarter. All over the country magistrates, responding to a Home Office appeal for recommendations on road-traffic problems, are urging the abolition of lighted trade signs along country motor roads. The confusion which these signs cause to motorists at night is a very real danger and largely contributes to the volume of casualties which is so rapidly increasing.

THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: The Duke of Brabant, who now becomes King Leopold III, and his wife who before her marriage in 1926 was Princess Astrid of Sweden. The new King was born in 1901, was educated at Eton, and is greatly interested in Belgian colonial development. They have two children, a boy aged three and a half, who now becomes the heir, and a six-year-old daughter

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY: An historic picture taken in the grounds of the Royal Palace, Brussels, in 1923. Left to right, sitting—Princess Marie-José, the Queen of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, and the King of the Belgians. Standing—the Duke of Brabant and Prince Charles

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS.

—"If this should catch the eye" of Mr. A. G. Macdonell, whose *Napoleon and his Marshals* I have been reading with interest, I wish he would resolve for me the truth of the legend of a romantic origin of one of his heroes, which, if true, Mr. Macdonell is too restrained to take advantage of. I unearthed somewhere the legend that Marshal MacDonald was the son of Niel Maceacharn, the faithful "boatman" (more exactly, "cousin and tutor and family friend") of Flora MacDonald and her family, who accompanied Flora and Prince Charlie on the famous voyage in the open boat from Benbecula to the mainland of Skye. That this Marshal's father was a "forty-fiver" Mr. Macdonell admits, and that he was of the clan MacDonald is accepted. But if his father was indeed this Niel Maceacharn, it adds a notable feature of romance and obliquely strengthens the claim of living descendants of Flora that this Niel, so far from being a "rude servitor," was a rather well-educated and curiously informed man, versatile, respected, and a blood relation of the family.

ST. VALENTINE.

—In the recent anticyclonic spell which brought so much fog once more to London and low-lying districts, and such wealth of sunshine and hope to the higher spaces of South England, a veritable false spring arrived and still continues. The sun blazed down day after day from an Italian sky, the amateur dug and sweated in his shirt sleeves; out of the wind it was picnic weather, and by the wise or unconventional so treated. Of the *signa veris* before Valentine's Day I noticed sulphur butterflies on the 10th, bees winging and humming all the week, crocuses in full bloom, several species of garden birds nesting, and whipping-tops and marbles back on the road a full fortnight before their time. As for the fowls, they seemed to think it was April and were breaking records at the egg-laying business. They have been breaking records for a full year. Nature is often called cruel, but of recent years her reputation for charity has been re-established. Her domains compare very favourably in "culture" and mercy with man-made institutions. Certainly, on St. Valentine's Day, my breakfast table showed little proof of man's recognition of this great annual event, the turn of the year, expressed by acts of courtesy. The nearest approach to a "valentine" which I could find was a somewhat brutal onslaught by a reader on my style and grammar in a paragraph in the "Newsletter," and the Press reports of the Lords' debate on the Contraceptives Bill. Typically chilly and rational and businesslike substitutes for the Victorian fashion in valentines! What a lot, by the way, the Bishops seem to know about what goes on nowadays behind drawn blinds!

THE OLD STAGER

DEATH OF A HERO

The Monarch Who Helped to Weld Together a Kingdom

AN INCIDENT IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1830 IN BRUSSELS, when Belgium became independent of the rest of the Netherlands and was made into a kingdom

Europe has lost its most democratic King. Albert Leopold Clement Marie Meinrad, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was King of the Belgians rather than the ruler of Belgium. As I write I have a strong impression of him walking alone with long firm steps, picking his way through the excited post-armistice crowds across the square at Bruges. Only a few months before I had met him cycling with another Belgian officer on one of the cobbled roads outside Lapanne.

King Albert became the heir-apparent to a troubled nation in 1891, on the death of his elder brother, Prince Badouin. The boy of sixteen immediately appreciated the new responsibility that fate had thrust upon him. He forthwith set himself to train for the task of kingship. Soon he became an ardent student of diplomacy, politics, and the law. In ceremonial he was not interested. His absorbing hobby was engineering, his delight to mix unnoticed among the people. The wife he chose for himself was an idealist. A daughter of Duke Carl Theodore, the philanthropist-oculist, the future Queen's interests were hospitals, clinics, and sanatoria. She proved to be an ideal partner.

The Court of King Leopold II, the late King's uncle, the man who made a fortune out of the Congo, was not a popular one. It was surrounded by scandal. Its doors were ever open to questionable financiers and to adventuresses. It was a Court which ignored the wants of its people; and the cockpit of Europe has forever had a social problem of its own, that of the Flemish Separatists who then were only too ready to cast the stone of justification at the old King's wayward régime. Albert, tall of stature, slow of mind, a tactful democrat, a man with an insatiable passion for mountaineering, succeeded to the throne and swept away the scandals of the Court.

One of his first tasks was to make sure that the country was adequately defended. A diplomat first and a militarist afterwards, it was he who threw himself wholeheartedly into the preparations for 1914, when Belgium was allied to Great Britain and France.

He was ruler over a population of just over 7,000,000, a people composed of two distinct races—the Flemish who are of German extraction, speaking a German dialect, and the Walloons, who are of French descent. Between these two there has always smouldered the embers of racial antipathy. Belgium did not become a separate kingdom until 1831, when she broke away from Holland and called upon Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, father of Leopold II, to be her King.

The misdemeanours of the latter served to fan the differences between the two nations of the territory. Shortly before 1914 the situation was so tense that the division on the map between French and Flemish Belgium, which roughly runs from Ypres through the battlefield of Waterloo to Liège, threatened to become the frontier of a civil war. The Flemings had a grievance. They felt they were being overwhelmed by French culture. Before the passing of an Act enabling Flemish to be taught in the schools, they were threatened with French becoming the national language.

To-day, although the official and literary language is French, the Government uses both languages. The late King himself spoke Flemish to the men of Flanders and French to the Walloons. He soon endeared himself to both his peoples. The outbreak of war pushed the threatened internal clash between these two peoples into the background. The Belgians led by their King, who proved himself to be a strong man, and indeed he will go down to history as the hero who stood firm against the demands of Germany, threw themselves as one into the struggle.

King Albert fought side by side with his united men. He was with them in the trenches. His wife tended their wounded, and when the invading forces drove his little army out of the capital and left him with only a small corner of his country he stayed there a simple yet energetic soldier-citizen, a fighter, and a man.

Immediately the War was over he turned himself to the rebuilding of his shattered country. In this post-War reconstruction he was faced with a problem from which the strongest statesmen might have shrunk.

The scattered nation needed a leader even more than a ruler. The man who fired the last shot in the defence of Antwerp, and who had already come to look upon the aeroplane as his regular means of transport, began his work of reconstruction when on November 22, accompanied by his two sons, he rode into Brussels. It is typical of the man that he refused to accept any increase in his civil allowance. He thought foremost of his people who had lost everything in the conflict. This interest was not confined to any particular class. Before the armistice was signed he called together a number of politicians and wisely formed a Government which consisted of representatives of the existing political parties; then he made an appeal to them to forget the differences in their hearts and unite to rebuild the country. He worked with them. His example was such that it smoothed out the internal schism. The King moved among his people, his Queen at his side, studying their wants, listening to their grievances, and suggesting remedies. Pomp and ceremony he neither desired nor endured. If he had a short journey to make he often went by bicycle. He preferred to drive himself when he motored, and to save time when his duties took him farther afield he went by air.

LA NATION BELGE

JOURNAL QUOTIDIEN D'UNION NATIONALE

DIMANCHE 18 FEVRIER 1934

LA BELGIQUE EN DEUIL

LE ROI EST MORT

Samedi, au cours d'une excursion qu'il faisait seul, dans les rochers de Marche les Dames, le Souverain a fait une chute Après de longues recherches, le valet de pied qui l'attendait a retrouvé dans la Meuse le corps du Roi

La dynastie belge

Le Roi Chevalier

L'émotion à Bruxelles

BELGIUM'S GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF HER KING: The front page of the newspaper, *La Nation Belge*, on the morning after the tragedy

In October, 1919, he and his Queen spent several weeks in the United States, where he had been formerly in 1898 for the specific purpose of studying railway problems. While there he insisted on flying over the city in a seaplane. The following year he paid a visit to Brazil and later visited England, again by air, when he was made a Field-Marshal of the British Army. The King had an unceasing interest in industry. He wanted to see things for himself. He was blest with that inexhaustible fund of curiosity that makes the true student.

In 1924 he came over to London incognito, and spent many happy days strolling round the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. He did the same thing during the Exposition Coloniale in Paris. He made two Royal visits to the Congo, and in 1930, while on a visit to King Fuad, he flew from Cairo to Baghdad. His last visit to the Congo was in 1932. Last year, accompanied by the Queen, he made a tour of Syria. On his return he learnt that our Imperial Airways had produced a new type of machine. He asked for it to be sent specially to Brussels, where he inspected it and made a test flight. On stepping out of the aeroplane he observed a news reel camera of a type which seemed strange to him. He immediately went over and questioned the operator, soon to be involved in a discussion on the merits and demerits of a particular type of film.

King Albert was a movie fan. He enjoyed travel films and news reels, although when on his business trips he was averse from submitting himself to the demands of the camera men.

Charity is an accepted responsibility of a monarch. In this respect the late King ably lived up to his early declaration to his people that riches create duties. He made a tour of the newly-transferred Congo before his accession to experience for himself the conditions in the country. As a result of what he saw he stated in his speech to the Chamber on taking oath that the Belgian nation was intent on a native policy of humanity and progress, adjuring them to see that justice and progress formed the basis of their action. He opened the Colonial Museum for the welfare of the native population, the following year giving £60,000 for the campaign to combat sleeping sickness. Ten years later he subscribed another £20,000 to the same cause, and on hearing of its researches he became a regular subscriber to the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine.

As a father he tried to instil into his children by example rather than coercion those principles he held essential to the moulding of character.

A sincere admirer of everything English, he sent his son, the young Duke of Brabant, to Eton, actually taking him from the ranks of an infantry regiment where he had been serving as a private. That same son he dispatched to tour Africa and to spend six months in administrative work in the Belgian Congo. Certain it is, too, that he inculcated upon his heir the need for holding the balance that is still vitally necessary to maintain unity between the Walloons and the Flemish.

Mountain climbing, which brought about his tragic end, had been the King's early passion. Almost every year he went incognito to Italy, generally near the Dolomites, to indulge in his favourite pastime. He had one or two narrow escapes, once being nearly killed by a loose rock during an attack on the Brenta Peak. While in the Belgian Congo he climbed to the crater of Nyamlagira, the active volcano, and made an attempt to climb Mount McKeno. When foiled by high winds and heavy rainfall on reaching a spot within 500 ft. of its summit, he announced that he would come back to try again.

An unconventional monarch, he died an unconventional death. His hobby brought him to an end from which the world might fondly imagine a King would be immune. But Albert took risks that his position would deny the average monarch. He went mountaineering alone. Doubtless his servant, whom he told to meet him at the foot of the Corneille, a rocky pinnacle 100 ft. in height, faced with brittle and slippery stone, had not the slightest fear for his master's safety.

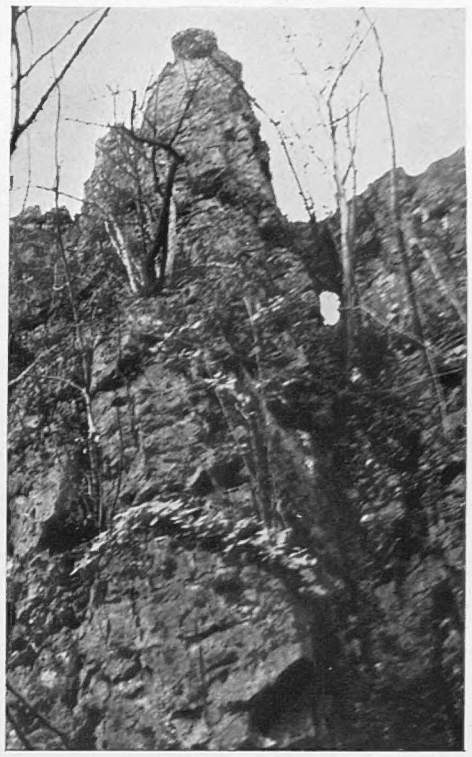
The King was driving back to Brussels when La Corneille attracted his attention. He stopped the car and went off for a little exercise. He did not come back!

Keith Ayling

IN GRIEF-STRICKEN BELGIUM

King Albert's Body brought from Laeken to Brussels

GRIM RELICS OF THE ROYAL TRAGEDY: The mountaineering kit used by King Albert on his ill-fated climb at Marche-les-Dames



THE ROCKY PINNACLE OF THE CORNEILLE from which King Albert fell to his death on Saturday evening of last week

THE LAST HOME-COMING OF KING ALBERT: One of the mounted torchbearers who headed the procession as the body of the King was conveyed from Laeken to the Royal Palace in Brussels. Crowds lined the route and the balconies of the houses, maintaining a deep and poignant silence which emphasized their very real grief at the loss of their Sovereign. The street lamps were shrouded with black crêpe

CROWDS WATCHING THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION as the King's body was brought into Brussels on Monday evening

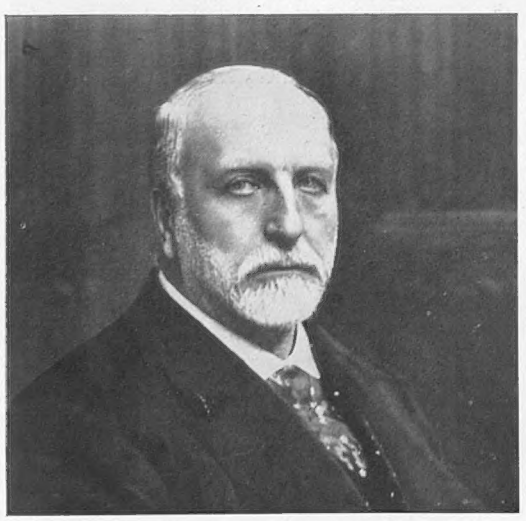
THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE REMAINS passing through the streets of Brussels

BRUSSELS IN MOURNING: Another view of the vast crowd which lined the processional route

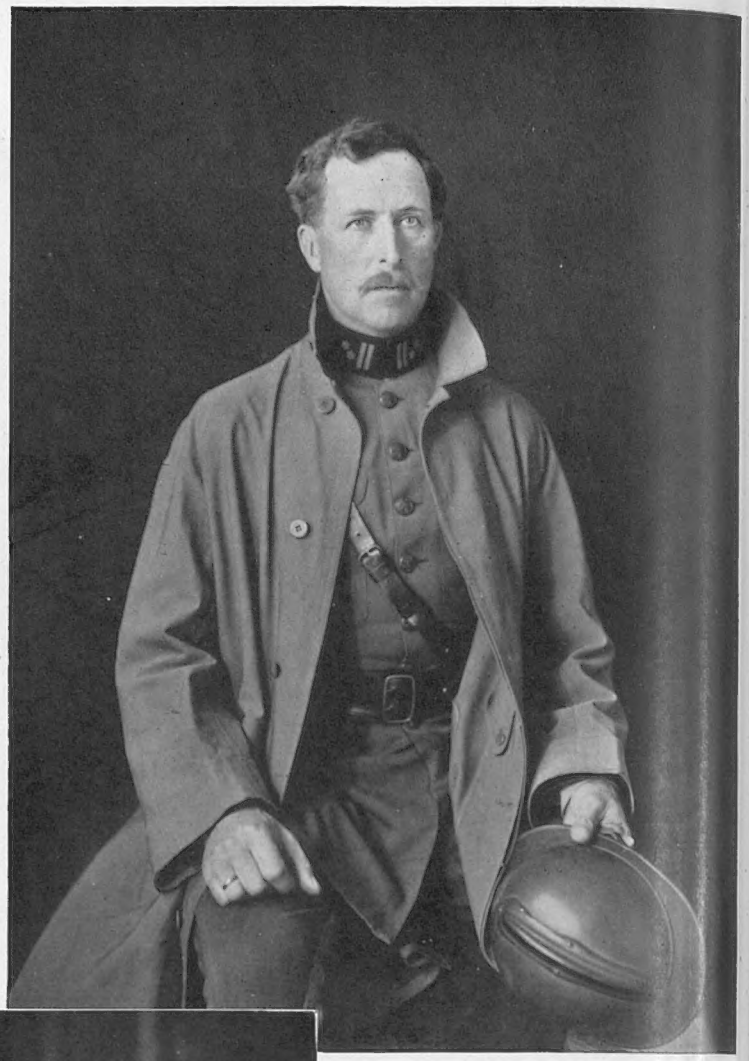
KING ALBERT AND THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY

THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY IN 1920: A group taken at the Château de Laeken. Left to right—Princess Marie-José (aged fourteen), Prince Charles (aged seventeen), Queen Elisabeth, King Albert, and the Duke of Brabant (aged nineteen)

KING LEOPOLD II: King Albert's uncle who succeeded to the Belgian throne in 1865. His rule was, on the whole, wise, but his administration of the Congo was the subject of severe criticism. He died at Laeken in 1909



PHILIPPE, COUNT OF FLANDERS: The father of King Albert and brother of King Leopold II. He married Princess Marie of Hohenzollern



ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS: The monarch whose courage in the face of the German invasion was an inspiration to his people

A LOVE MATCH: The Duke of Brabant, the elder son of King Albert, who now ascends the throne as King Leopold III, and his bride, Princess Astrid of Sweden, at their marriage in 1926

1875–

Important Events in

1875: Albert Leopold Clement Marie Meinrad, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, born in Brussels on April 8. He was the second son of Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders, brother of King Leopold II of Belgium.

1890: Entered the Military School in Brussels.

1891: Became Heir Apparent to the Belgian throne on the death of his elder brother, Prince Badouin, from pneumonia.

1898: Met his future wife, the Duchess Elisabeth of Bavaria, at the funeral of his aunt, the Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

1900: Betrothed in Paris and married at Munich on October 2.

1901: Birth of a son, Leopold, Duke of Brabant.

1903: Birth of his second son, Charles, Count of Flanders.

1906: Birth of a daughter, Marie-José, now Princess of Piedmont.

1909: Proclaimed King in the Palace of the Nations at Brussels.

1913: Visited Germany and perceived the imminence of war.

Scenes in the Life of the Monarch whose Tragic Death has Robbed Europe of one of its Most Outstanding and Heroic Figures

ELISABETH, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: The bereaved Queen Mother to whom the world unites in offering its sympathy and condolences

AN INTIMATE STUDY ON A STATE OCCASION: King Albert, Queen Mary, Queen Elisabeth, and King George in the Royal Palace at Brussels in 1922, when our King and Queen paid a State visit to Belgium. The King of the Belgians was a frequent visitor to England

THE NEW QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN: On the right is Prince Badouin (aged 3½), who now becomes heir to the throne, and on the left his six-year-old sister, Princess Josephine

COURAGEOUS IN WAR, FEARLESS IN SPORT: An intimate snapshot of King Albert at St. Moritz. Of all sports he delighted most in mountaineering, and had made several remarkable ascents both in the Dolomites and in the Belgian Congo

—1934

King Albert's Career

1914: The German invasion of Belgium. The King rallied his country, and proved himself the life and soul of the defence of Antwerp. Later he fought side by side with his troops in the trenches.

1916: Visited England to be present at the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen.

1918: Rode into Brussels in triumph after the conclusion of hostilities and after an absence from the capital of four years and three months.

1926: Elected Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science; marriage of his son to Princess Astrid of Sweden.

1927: Proposed the establishment of the "Fond National de la Recherche Scientifique" to foster intellectual and scientific development.

1930: Marriage of his daughter Marie-José to the Italian Crown Prince.

1932: Climbed the Crozzon di Brenta, a difficult peak in the Dolomites.

1934: Killed while rock climbing near Namur.

Royal Visits Abroad. — **1919**: United States. **1920**: Brazil. **1921**: Spain. **1922**: The Vatican. **1924**: India. **1928**: The Belgian Congo. **1933**: Syria.

THE DEMOCRATIC MONARCH: King Albert taking a walk in the Park during a visit to London a few years ago. He liked nothing better than to pass himself off as a private citizen

A CANAL NAMED AFTER HIM: The King visiting the excavations being carried out on the site of the Albert Canal—a picture taken in October of last year

FROST in AMERICA : CIVIL WAR in AUSTRIA

THE HUDSON RIVER FROZEN OVER DURING AMERICA'S SEVEREST SPELL OF COLD WEATHER IN THIS CENTURY: An aerial view of the ice-jammed river and the quays of New York. This week there was an 8-in. fall of snow, and road and railway traffic have been held up in many of the Eastern States

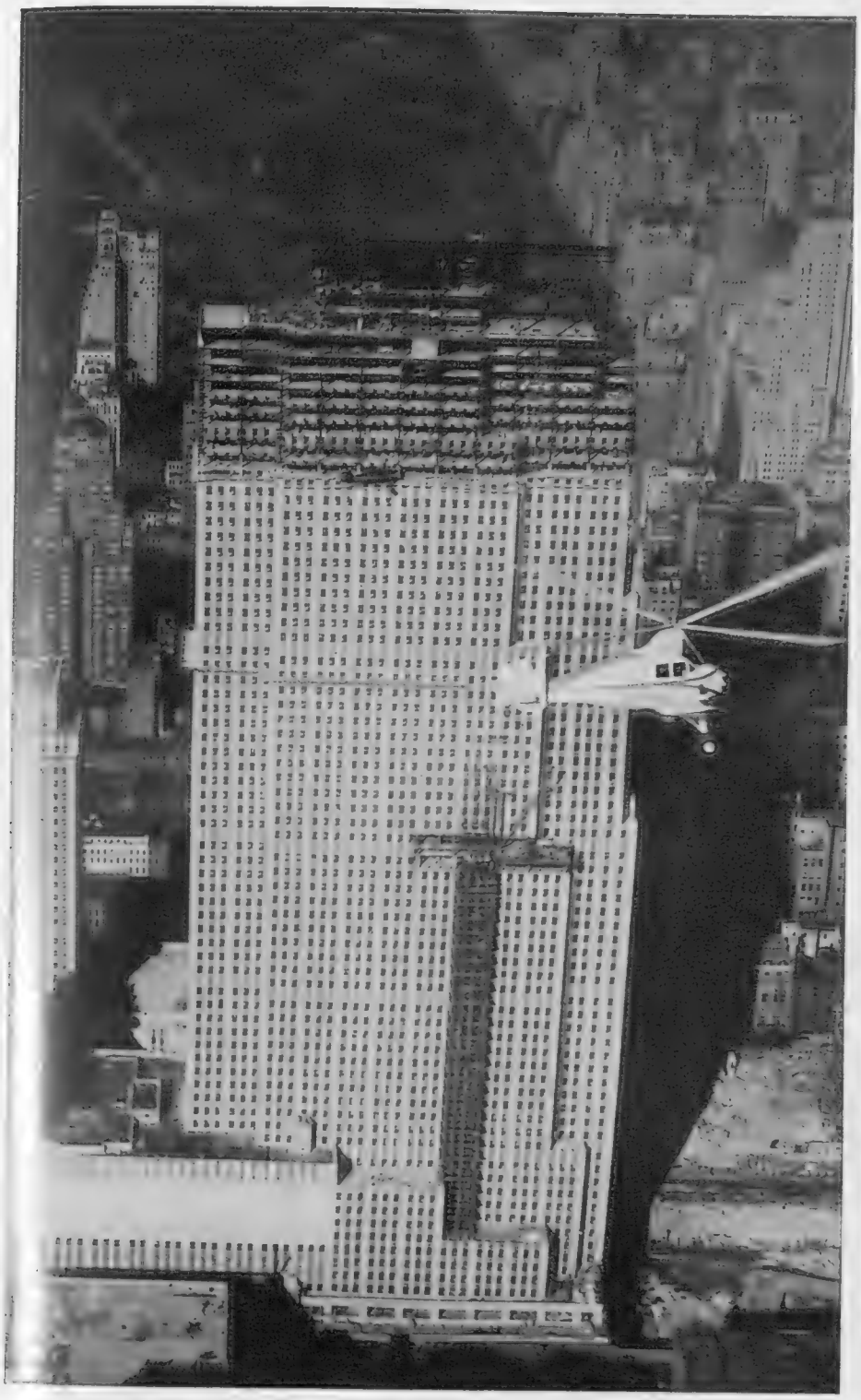
CAPTURED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS IN VIENNA: Members of a Socialist machine-gun crew lined up prior to their removal to prison. With the defeat of the Socialists, peace has now been restored in Austria, and it is generally anticipated that Dr. Dollfuss and his colleagues will be able to maintain their country's independence. The official estimate of the casualties in the recent fighting puts the losses to the Government forces at 102 dead and 319 wounded. On Tuesday of this week fifty of those killed were given a State funeral which was attended by Dr. Dollfuss and Major Fey, the Vice-Chancellor

AFTER THE AUSTRIAN INSURRECTION: A dead rebel lying beside the machine-gun which he operated from a window of the Hotel Schiff during the recent fighting between the Government forces and the Socialists at Linz

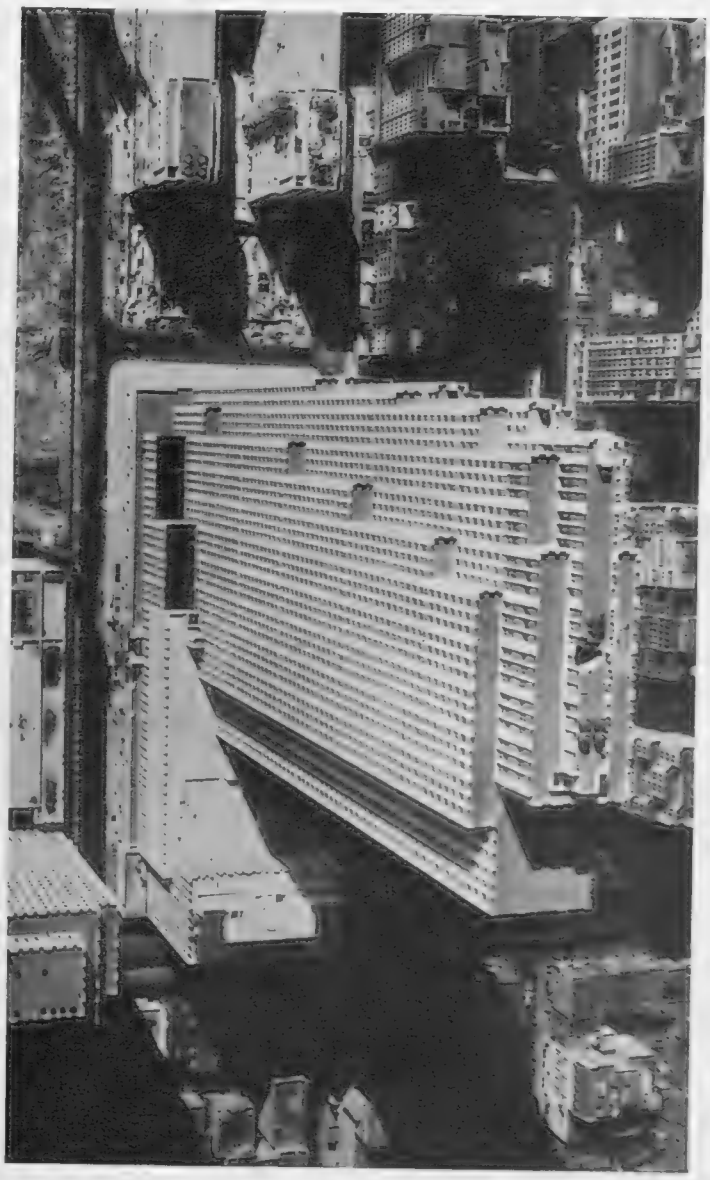
MICHAEL IN CAPTIVITY: A symbolic car at a recent carnival in Munich. Michael, the German counterpart of John Bull, is shown being drawn along in a cage by French soldiers. This refers to the alleged injustices suffered by Germany under the terms of the Versailles Treaty

THE LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING in the WORLD

Aerial Views of the New Seventy-Storey Skyscraper in Rockefeller Centre, New York



A NEW GIANT RISES FROM THE HEART OF MANHATTAN: The seventy-storey R.C.A. building, which is over 850 ft. high and contains more floor space than any other block of offices in the world. Flying in the foreground is a cabin autogiro, said to be the first of its kind



A METROPOLIS WITHIN A METROPOLIS: A large area of Manhattan Island will be occupied by the new Rockefeller Centre, which, when complete, will comprise twelve giant buildings. On the right of this aerial view is the new R.C.A. building, and in the background can be seen the British Empire Building and La Maison Française, both of which front on Fifth Avenue. In the left foreground is the thirty-one-storey R.K.O. skyscraper and the vast Radio City Music Hall

DAY-DREAMS UP ALOFT: A striking lunch-hour study taken on top of the R.C.A. building as it was nearing completion

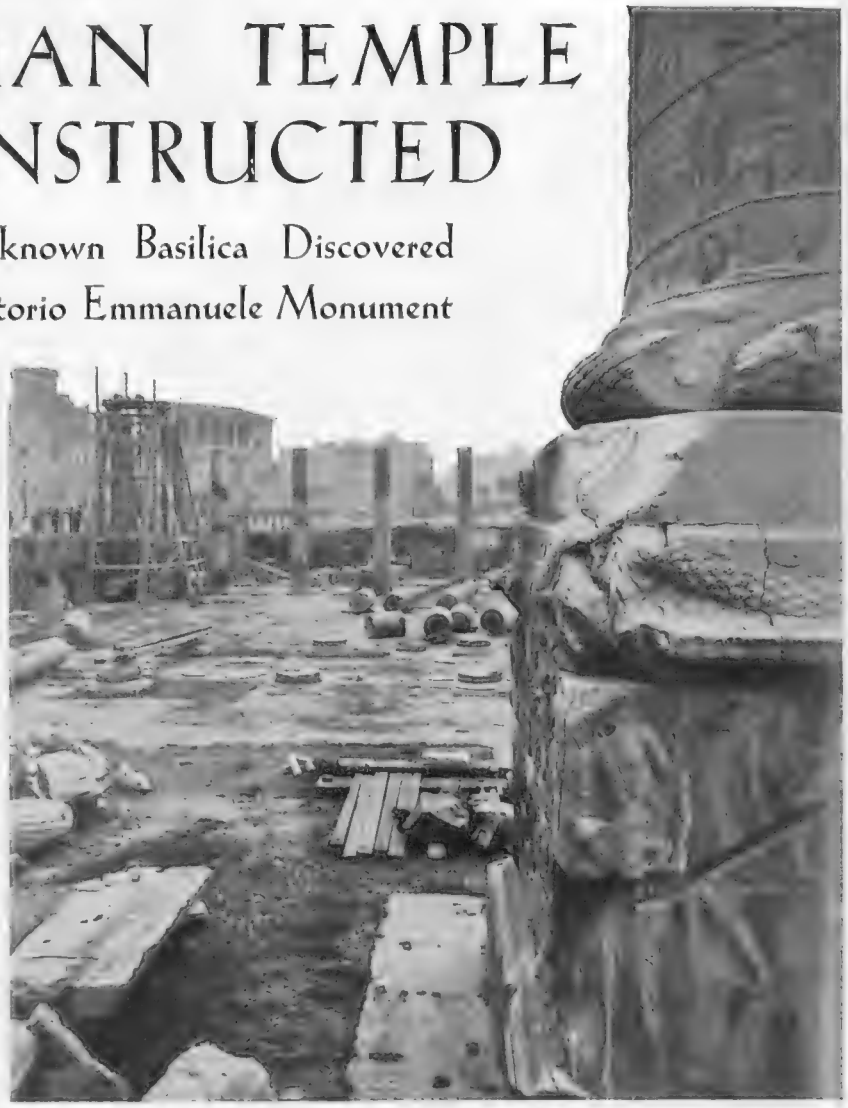
A ROMAN TEMPLE RECONSTRUCTED

And an Unknown Basilica Discovered Near the Vittorio Emmanuele Monument

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX after it had been excavated and partly restored by Signor Ricci. The stonework was found to be in excellent preservation

In the spate of significant archæological discoveries which resulted from Mussolini's great scheme of demolition and excavation on the sites of the Imperial Fora two features stand out in bold relief; these are the Temple of Venus Genetrix and the Basilica Argentaria, both in the Forum Julium. Excavations on the site of the Temple of Venus Genetrix began to yield important results early last year, when the pedestal, columns, and huge fragments of architrave and cornice were uncovered, in such good state of preservation and of such remarkable quality that the leader of the work of excavation, Signor Ricci, decided to reconstruct the temple as far as possible.

Up to now three columns have been raised, supporting original fragments of the architrave and cornice; and although this is a small enough relic of the magnificent temple which formerly covered the site, it adequately suggests the original. Even as it stands to-day its beauty is superior to the famous Castor and Pollux Temple in the Forum Romanum. Besides what has been raised, the site of the temple is covered with richly adorned fragments of columns, capitals, entablatures, architraves, and cornices, including considerable sections of the original frieze, sculptured in a manner which suggests some antique Donatello.



EXCAVATIONS IN THE FORUM OF TRAJAN during the construction of Mussolini's great new highway from the Piazza Venetia to the Colosseum. The base of the column of Trajan is shown in part on the right. The fallen columns in the background have now been set up

AN IMPORTANT FIND: The ancient road between the Temple of Venus and the recently discovered Basilica Argentaria. In the background is the Vittorio Emmanuele monument

The Temple of Venus Genetrix was constructed by Julius Cæsar after the Battle of Farsaglia in 48 B.C., and was dedicated a year later. The present ruins, however, date mostly from the time of Trajan, who reconstructed the temple. It is concluded that during the third or fourth century of this era the building was adapted into a Christian church and, at a later date, was strengthened by the construction of a massive wall built out of fragments of marble found on the spot. An orchard was annexed to the church, and was likewise enclosed by a wall built of ancient masonry. Subsequently a market was established on the site. It consisted of wooden shelters supported on fine marble columns, eight of which, in grey or pink marble and with their original capitals, have now been re-erected in a prominent position in the Forum.

The work of excavating and reconstructing the Temple of Venus Genetrix led to the important discovery of the Basilica Argentaria. The existence of this building was quite unknown, and it is regarded by the Roman excavators as a most important find. Unfortunately, only a section of the basilica could be uncovered, the rest being hidden under the monument to Vittorio Emmanuele II, and therefore inaccessible. As the name implies, this structure was devoted to the trade of money exchange and banking and, as such, was only occupied in the forenoon. In the afternoon it seems to have been the resort of idlers and school children, as is shown by traces of children's games having been played there. All over the pavement are holes which the excavators say were used for the game of marbles; and the walls are scratched with graffiti put there by children and idlers.

Dr. Matteo della Corte, famous for his work in deciphering graffiti at Pompeii, was summoned specially to Rome to examine the scribblings in the Forum Julium, and states that the seventeen quotations from Virgil which he has found there are of the utmost importance. After all, there are only forty such quotations at Pompeii, so the discoveries in the Forum Julium make an important addition. Other graffiti include two complete Latin alphabets, several declensions of nouns and verbs with mistakes in spelling, and some Greek passages from Homer. The first verse of the *Aeneid* is scratched, in excellent style, across the wall for a length of nearly 3 ft., and Dr. della Corte suggests that it is the work of a teacher, Caecilius Eros, who may be a descendant of the first commentator of Virgil.

R. E.

COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX: These have been ingeniously pieced together from fragments found during the recent excavations on the site

WORKERS' PALATIAL FLATS IN VIENNA

Built with Money Borrowed from Britain and Destroyed by Austrian Artillery

THE KARL MARX HOUSE, VIENNA, which was seriously damaged during the recent desperate fighting between the Socialists and the Government forces. This magnificent block of workmen's flats is most lavishly equipped and is typical of the many buildings of a similar nature which were erected during the Socialist regime at a time when money was being borrowed from Great Britain to support the financial status of Austria—in the eyes of many an unjustifiable extravagance

GOVERNMENT TROOPS PREPARING TO ATTACK A SOCIALIST STRONGHOLD during the recent fighting in Vienna, when many thousands of pounds' worth of damage was done to property

"STORM'D AT WITH SHOT AND SHELL": The shattered façade of another block of workmen's flats which were rendered uninhabitable during the battle in the streets of Vienna

THE MOST LUXURIOUS WORKERS' FLATS IN EUROPE: This municipal building, which has more the appearance of an expensive hotel, was occupied by people of the labouring classes who paid a rental which was only just sufficient to cover the cost of upkeep. This picture was taken before the outbreak of civil war in Austria

d

FRANCE'S SPATE OF PREMIERS: Six of the nine men who have held office, some for a few days, some for a few months, since 1931. (1) M. Pierre Laval, (2) M. Steeg, (3) M. Tardieu, (4) M. Herriot, (5) M. Paul-Boncour, (6) M. Daladier

PREMIERS WHILE YOU WAIT

A System to which Jacques Durand has Determined to Put an End

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Since 1931 we have been blessed or handicapped — according to how you look at it —by a single individual as Prime Minister (in fact, since 1929 this has been the case).

Supposing, instead, that we had had nine different Premiers in the past three years? No doubt we should criticize, and rightly, the Mother of Parliaments, and democratic institutions, with considerably more warmth than we are doing.

Well, that is what France has suffered—nine different Prime Ministers inside of three years. My calculation takes into account only *new* faces. If M. Laval or M. Daladier has been Premier twice in the period in question, I count him only once. Here is the list since January, 1931 :—MM. Laval, Steeg, Tardieu, Herriot, Paul-Boncour, Daladier, Sarraut, Chautemps, and Doumergue.

This game of musical chairs has meant the procession of nearly 200 Ministers to the Élysée to take office, many of them two and three times over. The Republic is snowed under with Messieurs les Ministres; for they are always called this in after life, to the end of their days, usually to their worldly benefit. Only once before has there been a time comparable to the present, 1925-26, when MM. Herriot, Briand, Chautemps, François-Marsal, and Poincaré were all at various moments at the head of Governments.

Even chopping and changing such as that (during the crisis of the franc) has now been left behind. Nor may the musical chairs be over yet by any means, since this Chamber of Deputies has still two-and-a-half years to run.

The instability of it all is well demonstrated if we reflect on the number of executive chiefs other leading Powers have been content with. Germany has had three: Bruening, von Papen, and Hitler. Italy has had one. Ourselves the same. The United States have had two: Hoover and Roosevelt. Russia has held to the trinity: Stalin, Kalenine, Molotoff.

Even Spain in full revolution has had only four Premiers in Zamora, Azaña, Barrios, and Lerroux. In fact the only country seeming to approach France must be unhappy Rumania, since in most of the other lands dictators are firmly implanted or else the democratic régime really works as intended.

Why has there been this sorry procession of Frenchmen at the helm? That is a tall question. If we consider the matter baldly, the following are the cut-and-dried reasons why eight of the gentlemen above-mentioned were "moved on": Laval did nothing. There can never have been a Premier who remained more completely static than Pierre Laval, who allowed things to happen around him — just that. Evocative of Prosperity-Coolidge, Steeg was merely a stop-gap; was never meant to last; one of those buffers between one Cabinet and the next such as frequently waste valuable, even vital time in France. Tardieu, after a fifteen-months' run for his money, was smashed at the polls. Tardieu is not popular anywhere; but he also spent money hand over fist and appeared to be heading for war.

The next on the list, Herriot, also had a relatively long premiership—six months. He resigned rather unnecessarily, like Mr. Baldwin in 1923, because the Chamber refused to continue payment of the American Debt. Followed Paul-Boncour, who definitely proved himself no chief inside of a very short while.

This was the interlude when, as soon as the Président du Conseil decided to tax this or that section of the community, he was immediately besieged by deputations from the "menaced" ones, refusing point-blank to pay. Boncour had got all tied up as a result of past syndicalist undertakings on his part. Then came Daladier—miracle—for all of nine months. I have already given it as my opinion that the Deputy for Orange —firm, clean, business-like, and straight—is the best thing in Premiers that France has had since the War, and I now repeat the assertion, having in the interim learnt, by the way, that none has earned more respect in Whitehall. Daladier departed over the projected tax on the functionaries (later put through by Chautemps), though he also became undermined because (a) the Socialists consider him too militaristic and (b) General Weygand thinks the exact reverse. There is a regular rumpus between Weygand and Daladier—who knows his own mind and refuses to be dictated to—and, by every token, it is still on. Sarraut's Government was a weak, stop-gap affair akin to Steeg's, and it likewise succumbed over the functionaries. Finally, I need not recall why Chautemps and Daladier (for the second time) fell. And there we are.

And it is pathetic to watch the efforts to "find new men," for the populace are sick to death of the very names of the old ones. We refer to our "old gang." Heavens! you should see the real thing in France.

Pathetic it is, too, to hear so frequently beside you: "*Si nous avions un Mussolini!*" Certainly modern France has never cried out more for a man than she is doing now; with her past reliance, Poincaré, paralysed. One even begins to hear from unexpected quarters: "If only there was an Orleans prince with guts in him, he'd have more than a chance!" And it is so that Daudet's royalist *Action Française* has shot up in circulation—though some of this is indubitably traceable to Daudet's daily orgy of slander at the expense of "*ce régime pourri.*" Menaced by a new Press law, Daudet has been treading on it. However, so long as the Army remains staunchly Republican. . . .

To revert to our original question: why can't the Left govern when it gets a majority in the country? The principal reason is that Blum, the Socialist, with a hundred votes, will not join the Government. When he is really annoyed he withholds or votes against it, and out it goes. Blum has been mesmerized by our first Labour Government. He wants to head a like 100 per cent. affair in France.

But, of course, there are other reasons also. Far too many groups and "solidarities," personal and other, have to be humoured. Freemasonry is a very different force in France to what it is in England. "Standing by" people is at the bottom of much of the present trouble emanating from *L'Affaire*—not since Dreyfus has a scandal been honoured to the extent of just calling it *L'Affaire*. Again, the French people are not helpful themselves. Deputies are simply frightened to vote a blessed thing that might affect their constituencies, even if the vote be of national urgency. Another cause of Cabinet fragility has to do with the exaggerated power of the various commissions of the Chamber—Finance, Foreign Affairs, Army, and so on. We know no such parliamentary overlordship.

Left politics pan out as far too personal. "Playing ball," as the Americans have it. A French translation might be, *faire la combine*. There is no one to cut loose from it all, to go out for the nation.

And so the country goes round and round in an ever-growing *malaise*, Prime Ministers playing musical chairs the while, although a glance round would indicate that the source of supply is rapidly drying up. Only one new young man has come over the horizon of late years, Pierre Cot, the Air Minister, and even he is currently under a cloud following the *Emeraude* disaster. And all the time that the chopping and changing proceeds apace, the vital interests of the country are left to drift. Frenchmen wake up to find Poland and Germany signing an agreement. Nothing is done over the Lagny horror. Citizens note with dismay the unrelenting cutting off of French imports by foreign countries; the £125,000,000 loss on the commercial balance in 1933; the enormous budget deficit. (The French now realize that if the depression hit them last, so also it is going to leave them —last.) How can anything serious be accomplished when Ministers spend so much of their time calling at the Élysée, either tendering their resignations or accepting portfolios? The public hears that the four P's—Parliament, Police, Press, and Parquet (judiciary)—are to be thoroughly overhauled. It doesn't believe anything very startling will be done. It seems to be losing faith, confidence, in the present order of things. Is it all due to flabbiness, rottenness of victory? People wonder, and are deeply concerned over what foreigners must be thinking about France. The gloating "banner" headlines of Rome and Berlin augur no good where the Republic has to retain the respect of satellites. . . .

Does a solution lie in borrowing from our Constitution? Ex-President Doumergue, a very listened-to voice, is the latest to think so. From his Toulouse retreat he has been advocating a modification of the régime enabling a French Premier to go to the country during the four-year life of a Chamber. At present, dissolution by the President is still looked upon as a coup d'état—mainly because the only one ever to ordain a dissolution, Marshal MacMahon, *was* out to upset the existing régime. M. Doumergue sees in the present state of affairs the recurrent irresponsible dictatorship of 600 deputies just as soon as a Government experiences difficulties; such a dictatorship continuing until the time comes round for the next general election.

Tardieu, of would-be National Union, would go further, introducing finance by decree, considerably reducing the Parliamentary Commissions, and giving votes to women. And the Chamber should be able to obtain a dissolution no matter what the Radical Senate thought.

Whatever supervenes, this much is certain: the procession of Premiers has got to stop. Jacques Bonhomme (or "Durand" as he is more frequently referred to in France) has made up his mind on that.

M. SARRAUT whose Government, says Mr. Tuohy, "was a weak, stop-gap affair"

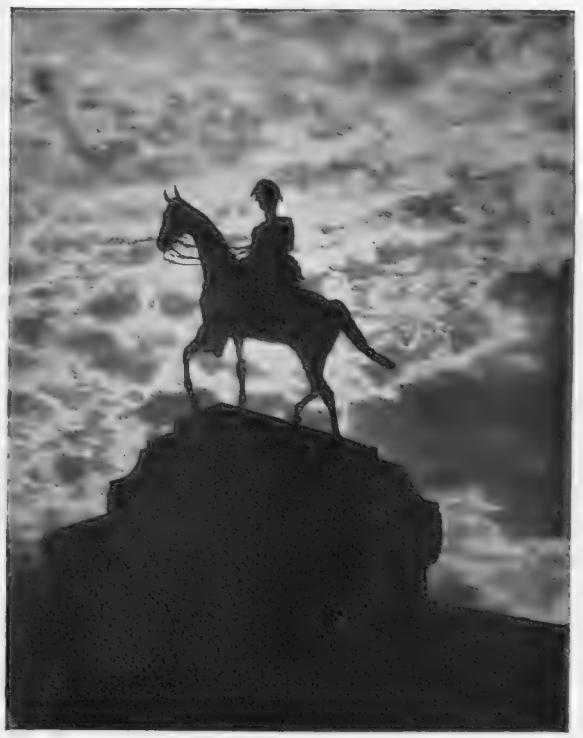
M. CHAUTEMPS, who fell from power as a result of the Stavisky scandal

KING'S DAY IN THE SUDAN

THE REVIEW OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE HELD AT KHARTUM ON KING'S DAY: H.E. Sir George Stewart Symes, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., Governor-General of the Sudan, and Brigadier Seymour Butler, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commandant of the Defence Force, standing at the saluting base during the march past

A PATRIOTIC MANIFESTATION: No. 1 Squadron of the Cavalry marching past during the King's Day celebrations in Khartum. King's Day commemorates the visit of the present King and Queen to the Sudan in 1912, and is always held in January

THE KISS: These Mongalla gazelle, which are found between the northern boundary of Uganda and the Sobat River in Southern Sudan, stand only about 25 in. high at the shoulder. Their sandy colour harmonizes with the surrounding desert and makes them difficult to identify except at close range



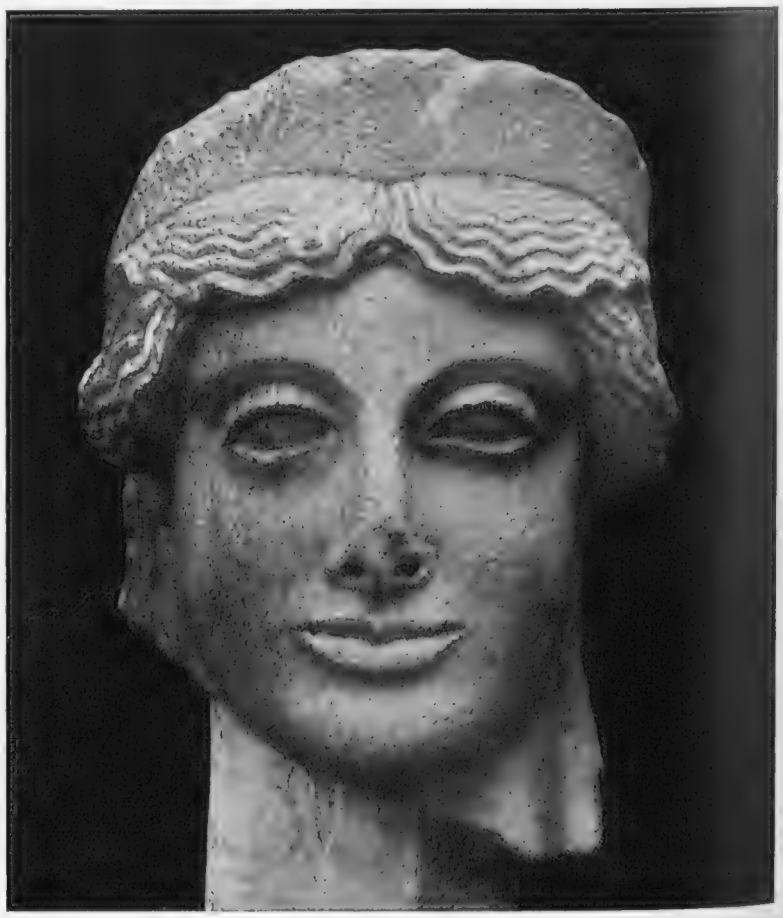
THE VICTOR OF OMDURMAN: A striking impression of the statue to Lord Kitchener at Khartum silhouetted against a magnificent sky

IMPORTANT ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS IN SARDINIA AND NORTHERN AFRICA

AN EGYPTIAN GOD DISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN SARDINIA: The statue of the god Bes which has recently been unearthed by Professor Antonio Taramelli during excavations on the site of the ancient Punic city of Bitia. This huge piece of carved sandstone was found near the base of the altar of a ruined temple, and, considering the many years it has lain buried, is in excellent preservation. The fact that the Carthaginians worshipped an Egyptian deity makes this discovery one of the very first importance. A number of inscriptions of a later period have also been found in the vicinity and reveal how the Carthaginian influence persisted in the island even after four centuries of Roman rule

A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED STATUE OF THE GOD BES: This Egyptian deity presided over art, the dance, and music, and was also worshipped chiefly by those who wished to counteract the evils of witchcraft. He is represented as a bandy-legged dwarf

A RECENT ACQUISITION BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK: A limestone statue of the Chief Royal Scribe, Yuny, making an offering of an enshrined statue to the god, Osiris. This remarkable piece of work, which was found in the excavations of Sayid Bey Kashaba, dates from about 1300 B.C.



A SCULPTURE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. which was unearthed during the excavation of the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene, Northern Africa. The city was founded in 631 B.C. and its extensive ruins still attest its former magnificence

TOTEM SURVIVALS

In Far-Western Canada

A MEDICINE MAN OF KISPAIOX, an Indian village in the Skeena River district of Western Canada. When a member of his tribe is ill he dons this weird attire and attempts, with his frenzied dancing, to scare away the evil spirits

TOTEM POLES IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE: These are usually crowned with animal carvings which indicate to which family each pole belongs

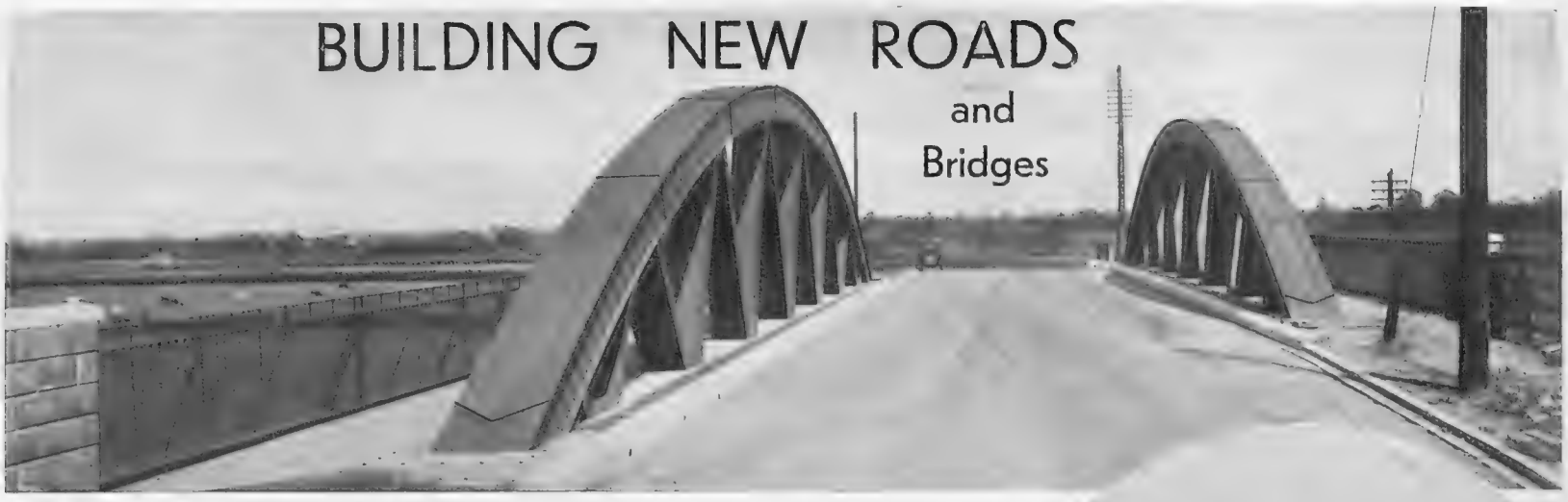
ASIATIC INFLUENCE UPON THE ART OF THE INDIANS is suggested by these hats which are partly made from the roots of cedar trees. The rings towering above the crown are symbols of rank, or indicate some great deed of daring performed by the wearer. Being cumbersome they are donned on ceremonial occasions only. This picture also comes from the Skeena River district, near Prince Rupert, British Columbia

A CHIEF OF THE SKEENA RIVER DISTRICT in one of the weird masks in which he dances on ceremonial occasions. He is holding a curiously carved rattle

AN INDIAN CEMETERY NEAR PRINCE RUPERT: Formerly the Indians placed their dead in wooden chests which they suspended from the boughs of trees. To-day burial is the common practice, and small, hut-like memorials are erected above the graves

THE WOLF—A FAMILY SYMBOL IN THE VILLAGE OF KISPAIOX: This was probably adopted as a symbol because the warriors of this particular family are noted by their fellow Indians as skilled hunters of wolves

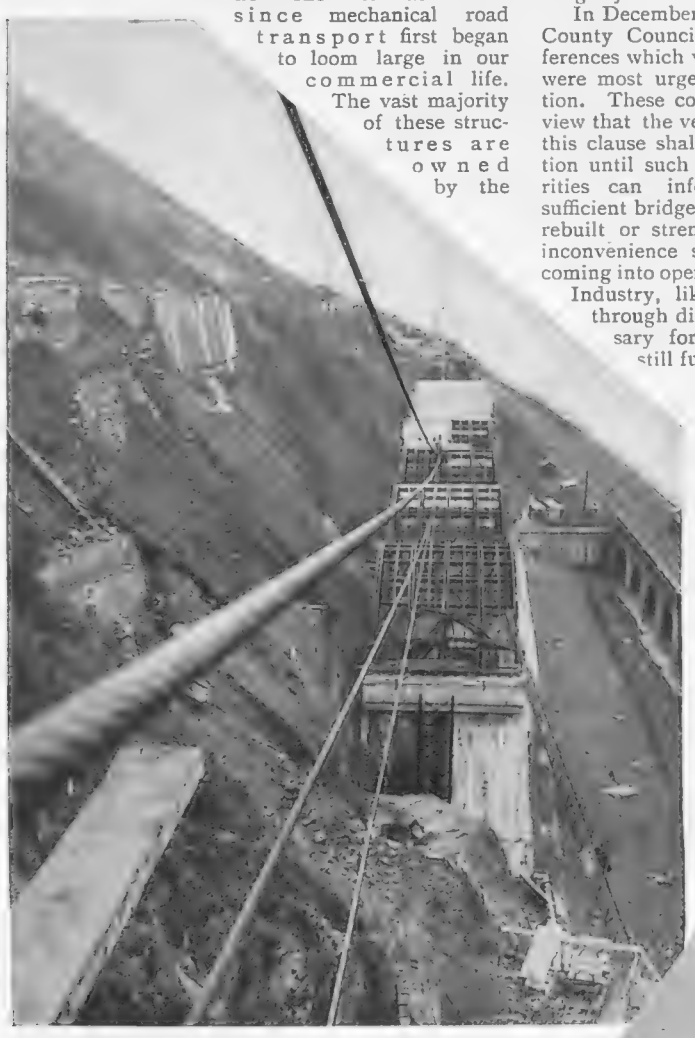
BUILDING NEW ROADS and Bridges



A BRIDGE FOR CARRYING HEAVY TRAFFIC ON THE HULL-SELBY ROAD: There are nearly 7,000 weak bridges in this country, all of which will, sooner or later, have to be replaced by structures capable of bearing heavy commercial vehicles. Note in this picture the paths for pedestrians on either side of the arches

Road Transport and Weak Bridges

One of the principal results of the Road Traffic Act of 1930 and the Road and Rail Traffic Act has been to bring prominently to the fore the important question regarding what is to be done about the 7,000 or more old, weak bridges which still exist in this country. The problem is not a new one — it has existed since mechanical road transport first began to loom large in our commercial life. The vast majority of these structures are owned by the Railway and Canal Companies and were built by them to comply with the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act of 1845, which demanded that if the railway crossed any turnpike, road, or public highway a bridge had to be built "and at all times thereafter maintained at the expense of the company."



THE NEW HIGHWAY ALONG THE COAST OF NORTH WALES: Another view of the viaduct which will carry the road round one of the headlands. Halfway up the hill is the old road which is quite inadequate to deal with the present traffic

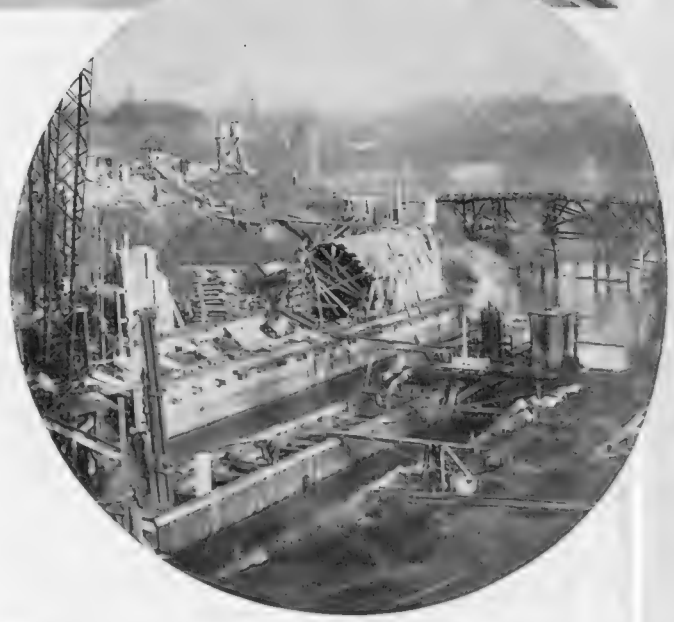
The Act outlined the proper dimensions for such bridges, but did not specify what loads they must be built to carry. Since then road transport has gone ahead with amazing rapidity, so that to-day heavy vehicles are severely handicapped by being debarred from using certain bridges which are not adequate to carry their weight.

In spite of determined opposition a new clause was embodied in the new Road and Rail Traffic Act which stipulated that the owner of a bridge which was weak might prescribe the maximum total load it should carry and the speed at which this load might be drawn over the bridge. Anyone who contravened this notice was to become liable to be proceeded against in the local police court and fined £20 for the first offence and £50 for subsequent offences. Moreover, the prosecutor had merely to produce a prima facie case and the defendant had thereupon to prove himself innocent. This would be much the same as the police arresting a man for carrying a crowbar and demanding that he prove that he had not committed a burglary.

In December last, the Minister asked the County Councils to convene county conferences which were to decide which bridges were most urgently in need of reconstruction. These conferences are now taking the view that the very least they can ask is that this clause shall not be brought into operation until such time as the highway authorities can inform the Government that sufficient bridges in each county have been rebuilt or strengthened to ensure that no inconvenience shall result from the clause coming into operation. The Road Transport Industry, like many others, is passing through difficult times. It is not necessary for Parliament to handicap it still further.

An extensive road construction scheme which will cost approximately £184,000 and which will take about two-and-a-half years to complete, is now being put into operation on the North Wales coastal road at Penyclip, where for some

(Continued on p. 292)



BRIDGING THE RIVER WEY AT EASHING, SURREY: Construction work in progress on one of the six new bridges which are included in the Guildford-Godalming by-pass scheme. The by-pass will probably be opened this year

THE ARCHES OF THE VIADUCT which, when completed, will carry the coastal road between Llanfairfechan and Conway. At this point the new road will run parallel with the Railway

A MID-WINTER IDYLL: A lumber team passing through Quarry Farm on Sir Bernard Eyre Greenwell's Marden Park estate near Godstone, Surrey, where a number of trees are being felled

PEACE and FEROCITY in the COUNTRYSIDE

THE BULL IN THE IRON MASK: This curious device, which was seen on a Hertfordshire farm, is used to prevent the bull from observing anything except the ground immediately around him, thus protecting people passing along the footpath through the field

THE YOUTHFUL DICKENS IN A FAMILY SCENE PAINTED BY FRANK STONE: In this charming group Charles Dickens, wearing a picturesque stock and striped trousers, is in earnest conversation with the young lady on his right—possibly Maria Beadnell. The artist, who was the father of Marcus Stone, has also introduced Tennyson, who is leaning upon the piano gazing at the performers

THE LETTERS of CHARLES DICKENS

A More Intimate Side of the Great Novelist's Character Revealed

Where Dickens's Letters are Preserved

British Museum, London; Huntington Library, San Marino, California; Pierpont Morgan Collection, New York, U.S.A. (also Burdett-Coutts' Collection and Kolle Collection in U.S.A.); Victoria and Albert Museum, London; Ryland's Library, Manchester; Count de Suzannet Collection, Lausanne

CHARLES DICKENS'S WIFE: Catherine Hogarth, from whom he was separated in 1858. It is to her that the letter reproduced below was addressed

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE: In his early manhood Charles Dickens was singularly handsome, and did not then affect a square-cut beard

IN LATER LIFE: This portrait shows the famous author very much as he appeared when giving one of his popular readings

"MY DEAREST KATE"

Devonshire-terrace, 15th April, 1851.

My dearest Kate,—Now observe, you must read this letter very slowly and carefully. If you have hurried on thus far without quite understanding (apprehending some bad news), I rely on your turning back and reading again.

Little Dora, without being in the least pain, is suddenly stricken ill. There is nothing in her appearance but perfect rest—you would suppose her quietly asleep, but I am sure she is very ill, and I cannot encourage myself with much hope of her recovery. I do not (and why should I say I do to you, my dear?) — I do not think her recovery at all likely.

I do not like to leave home. I can do no good here, but I think it right to stay. You will not like to be away, I know, and I cannot reconcile it to myself to keep you away. Forster, with his usual affection for us, comes down to bring you this letter, and to bring you home, but I cannot close it without putting the strongest entreaty and injunction upon you to come with perfect composure—

> to remember what I have often told you, that we never can expect to be exempt, as to our many children, from the afflictions of other parents, and that if—if when you come I should even have to say to you, "Our little baby is dead," you are to do your duty to the rest, and to show yourself worthy of the great trust you hold in them. If you will only read this steadily I have a perfect confidence in your doing what is right.

Ever affectionately,

CHARLES DICKENS.

The opening, by the British Museum authorities, of the box of letters deposited with them in 1898 by Dickens's younger daughter, Kate, has revived interest in the subject of Dickens as a letter-writer. The three volumes of *Letters*, edited by his elder daughter and his sister-in-law, published in 1880–2, were a monument to his literary genius, but they give us not one glimpse of Dickens, the man. It is for this reason that the letters in the British Museum have attracted so much attention. They number about 140, and were addressed to his wife. Nearly half the number were written before the marriage in 1836; only portions of two letters of this period, and of twenty-one written at later dates, were included in the published *Letters*.

We understand Mrs. Dickens preserved these letters and handed them to her daughter, to be published after the death of all her children, as proof of the love her husband had for her, which she declared she never forfeited. If we may judge from one of them, a little-known, beautiful, and tender epistle which Dickens wrote her breaking the news of the death of their ninth child, Dora, the only one of the long family to die in infancy, then we shall probably have to reconsider former opinions on the separation. This letter, for some unaccountable reason, was not included among the collected letters, but its existence was known; one of the sons who went to India before the father died, carried a copy with him, and it was printed in an Indian newspaper in 1874. No doubt the editors of the letters, preparing them within a dozen years of the writer's death, did quite right to rely entirely on their value as literature, to the extent of excluding any letter, or portion of a letter, which was in any way personal; but in the sixty odd years which have passed since then, the world has learned to read and enjoy the works of Dickens, and the natural desire is to know more of him as a man.

There is ample material at our disposal, for the official "Letters of Dickens" form but a small part of the thousands of letters which proceeded from his facile pen. Fortunately the majority of them have been preserved, and after appearing at public auctions have been purchased by discriminating collectors, and in many cases have found a resting place in public libraries. The Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, California, is particularly rich in this respect. All Dickens's letters to W. H. Wills, his assistant editor for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, are there; although these are mostly concerned with the production and conduct of these two periodicals (they have been published in a volume entitled *Charles Dickens as Editor*), they reveal many instances of his abounding kindness and charity, for Wills often acted for Dickens in a private capacity.

Here, too, are several early letters (unpublished) to Dickens's first publisher, John Macrone. The remainder of this correspondence is in the famous Pierpont Morgan Library in New York. It is, of course, a great pity they have been split up in this manner, but together they throw much light on the tireless energy of young Dickens striving for recognition as a writer of something better than journalistic columns for his paper, and his joy and excitement on the publication of *Sketches by Boz*. Incidentally they reveal that much which has been written of Dickens's treatment of the publisher who gave him his first chance is entirely incorrect. More personal are the letters to Thomas Mitton, also in the Huntington Library. These number about fifty.

But the most personal of all Dickens's letters in this library are those he wrote at the age of twenty-one to Maria Beadnell, whom he loved "with the most extraordinary earnestness," but she answered "coldly and reproachfully" and he went his way, only to meet her again after twenty years had passed and to declare that "whatever of fancy, romance, energy, passion, aspiration and determination belong to me, I have never separated, never shall separate, from the hard-hearted little woman—you."

Only a very small portion of Dickens's 600 letters to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts have been printed. They are in the hands of a private collector in America, as also are the twenty-one letters to his youthful friend Kolle, who was a go-between with the clandestine correspondence with Maria Beadnell.

By no means all the Dickens letters are on the other side of the Atlantic. The greater part of his correspondence with his biographer, John Forster, is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum; thirty letters to Mrs. Gaskell and about twenty other important letters are in the Ryland's Library, Manchester. Dickens's letters to Lord Lytton are still in the library at Knebworth. The biggest private collection of Dickens's letters is that of Count de Suzannet at Lausanne. He has purchased with much care and discrimination, and most important information not available from other sources is to be obtained from the wide range of letters in his possession.

Dickens was indeed a great and voluminous letter-writer; any letter from him was worth preserving, and it is a good thing to know that so many of the best of these letters are in safe hands. The best of them should now be collected into one volume as the "personal" supplement to the literary collection brought together fifty years ago.

AN ARAB DHOW IN THE RED SEA: This type of coasting vessel, noteworthy for its long beak and massive stern, has hardly changed at all with the passing of the centuries. In boats such as this the Arabs sailed the Indian Ocean, often going down the African coast as far south as Mombasa and Zanzibar, and away eastwards to Java and Sumatra

A CINGALESE OUTRIGGER: Fishing in these craft in the monsoon weather is a dangerous occupation, and violent squalls are apt to arise which, but for the skill of the fishermen, would capsize the boats in a few seconds

GRACE AFLOAT

THE PICTURESQUE GOZO BOAT: These beautifully built craft are unfortunately disappearing, but they still take part in an annual race from Valetta to the island of Gozo, some four miles from Malta

FL

TAKEN AT AN ALTITUDE OF OVER 15,000 FT.: A large number of excellent photographs were obtained of the Hunza peaks during the recent R.A.F. flight from Risalpur to Gilgit. The 'plane on the left of this picture is silhouetted against a giant glacier, which from this height has the appearance of a rushing torrent

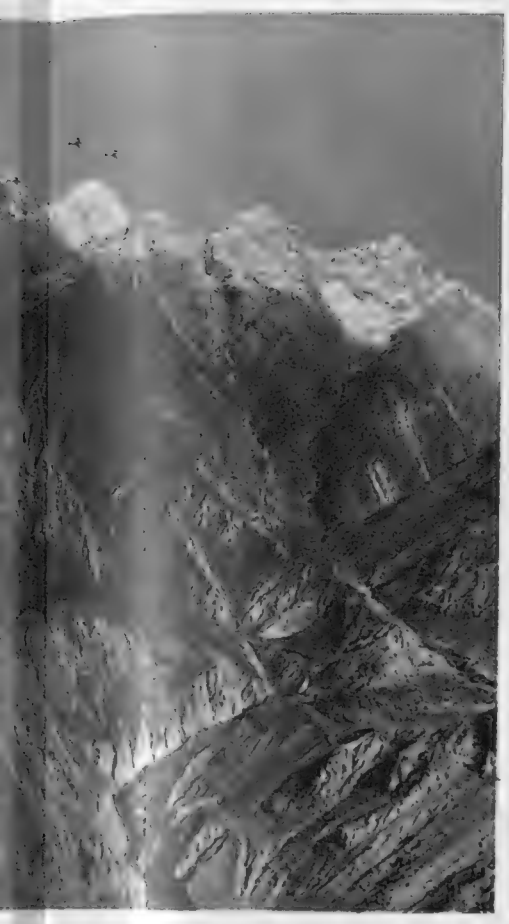
A MOUNTAIN RAMPART OF THE INDUS VALLEY: Four of the Hawker-Hart machines, which took part in the flight to Gilgit, are seen skirting a snow-capped rock castle high above the Indus. A noticeable feature is the snow saddle between the two clearly defined bastions of the peak

NANGA PARBAT FROM THE NORTH-WEST: The famous R.A.F. flight. The summit is the end peak

This remarkable set of pictures was obtained during a flight by members of the Royal Air Force stationed in Northern India. Such flights have not been uncommon during the past few years. One of special interest took place in 1932 when Nanga Parbat, one of the giants of the Himalayas, was surveyed from the air. The accompanying pictures were taken on a flight in more or less the same district, with interesting deviations to allow of views being obtained of some hitherto unphotographed peaks and glaciers. The 'planes usually start at the Risalpur Aerodrome, and follow the valley and gorges of the Indus as far as Gilgit in the

FLYING IN THE HIMALAYAS

An Exercise Ground for the Royal Air Force in India



THE RETURN JOURNEY FROM GILGIT: At this moment the 'planes were leaving the snow-clad heights and were crossing, at a great altitude, the gorge of a mountain torrent

amous Himalayan giant viewed from the air during a peak towards the right (26,620 ft.)

Western Himalayas. It is interesting to note that these Hawker-Hart aircraft cover the distance in a little over two hours, whereas the same journey by road occupies a fortnight.

The first part of the flight is over bare foothills, uncovered by snow. As the machines proceed northward they reach the point where the Indus flows toward the East, and where rises the magnificent peak of Rakaposhi, which towers to a height of 26,550 ft. On reaching Gilgit the airmen were welcomed by the Mir of Nagar, whose territory lies among the great peaks of the Hunza district.

AT THE WESTERN END OF THE GREAT HIMALAYAN BARRIER: The needle-like peak of Rakaposhi viewed from one of the Hawker-Hart aircraft which recently made a survey of this region. A plume, probably of ice particles, is seen blowing from the summit. Another machine, dwarfed almost to insignificance, is just discernible in the centre of the picture

ART OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The Pierpont Morgan Library of Illuminated Manuscripts

THE REVELATIONS OF ST. BRIDGET: A detail from an Italian manuscript of the fourteenth century. St. Bridget was the Patron Saint of Sweden and was canonized in 1391

Of unusual interest, and a centre of attraction in the exhibition, are the Lindau or Ashburnham Gospels of the ninth century. These were written and illuminated in the Benedictine Monastery of St. Gall, near Lake Constance, in north-east Switzerland. The monastery was founded by an Irish hermit and disciple of St. Columba in 614.

At an early date the manuscript belonged to the Abbey of Noble Canonesses at Lindau, near Lake Constance, but at the dissolution of the Abbey in 1803 it became the property of the Abbess Antoinette von Enzburg, and after her death passed to Baron Joseph de Lassberg. It was later sold to Bertram, 4th Earl of Ashburnham.

One of the most interesting of the English manuscripts of the thirteenth century is the so-called Windmill Psalter. This is said to bear the earliest known representation of a windmill to be found in any book.

Another interesting specimen in the Morgan Collection is *The Revelations of St. Bridget*, in Latin. Saint Bridget (Birgitta), patron saint of Sweden, was born in 1302, died in 1373, and was canonized in 1391. She is considered the most celebrated of the saints of the Northern kingdoms. This manuscript, it is believed, was executed soon after her death.

IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS NOW ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK: The back cover of a manuscript which was written and illuminated in the first half of the ninth century at the Benedictine Monastery of St. Gall, Switzerland

An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts from the Pierpont Morgan Library has opened at the New York Public Library, and will continue until February 28.

The Pierpont Morgan Library includes the largest and most important collection of illuminated manuscripts in America, and the present exhibition, arranged jointly by the trustees of the two libraries, has afforded an unusual opportunity of seeing about a hundred and fifty of these treasures, which date from between the ninth and sixteenth centuries. All of them are remarkable examples of the art with which the writers of the Middle Ages enriched their most precious books. Some of them are celebrated because they were made for kings or queens, or for great nobles or churchmen, whose patronage fostered the arts in medieval days. Liturgical and religious works naturally predominate in the Morgan collection, but the secular interests of the time are represented by about fifteen manuscripts.

Left—THE COVER OF THE DU BOIS PSALTER: This manuscript was probably written in East Anglia between 1325 and 1335

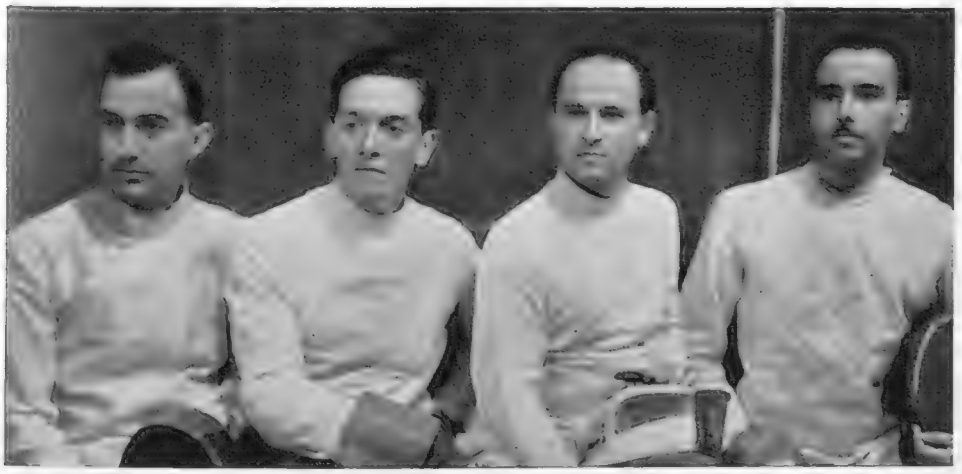
Right—THE FOUR GOSPELS IN LATIN: The cover of an eleventh-century manuscript which is believed to have originated at Thornley Abbey. It afterwards became the property of Countess Judith of Flanders

DOPOLAVORO: A Fascist Organization in Italy which, with its Own Clubs, Theatres, Sports Grounds, and Rest Houses, Helps to make the Leisure Hours of the Worker more Enjoyable

THE ITALY THEATRE IN ROME, where railway employees produce their own plays. *Left above*—THE ILLUMINATED SIGN above the club which is provided for clerks employed by the Ministry of Finance

THE DOPOLAVORO OF THE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES: Daughters of officials of the company often come in after their day's work in the city to attend the art classes. Two of them are seen here engaged in vase colouring. The girl on the left exemplifies the Italian type of beauty

THE BEST-KNOWN FACE IN THE WORLD adorning a staircase at the headquarters of Dopolavoro



THE FENCING COURSE, organized by the Dopolavoro of the Ministry of Finance, is particularly popular as it provides these workers in sedentary occupations with much-needed exercise

THE SONS OF RAILWAY AND TELEGRAPH CLERKS learning the art of telegraphy

TRAMWAY EMPLOYEES AND THEIR CHILDREN watching a game of billiards in their club

A MESSAGE FROM MUSSOLINI INSCRIBED ON THE WALLS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF DOPOLAVORO: "This nation, united in its political and moral make-up, cannot stand aloof from the destiny of the working multitudes, as its immediate and mediate object is to embrace them in its general scheme of things and in its history"

The word Dopolavoro means "after work," and is the name given to all the workers' clubs now established in Italy under the auspices of the Government

THE CRIMINAL BAR: The Old Bailey trial scene from the British film, *Betrayal*. The criminal bar is the least profitable for a barrister, but provides him with the most publicity

NO MOANING AT THE BAR

Barristers who Earn up to £40,000 a Year

By CHARLES GRAVES

It is typical of human nature that as soon as conditions become more prosperous people get quarrelsome and litigious. At the present time there are grand openings at the Bar for any young barrister with personality. A very experienced solicitor tells me that there are at least 360 barristers earning over £5,000 a year; there are at least seventy-five earning more than £10,000 a year; there are about thirty earning over £20,000 a year; and a very select few who are on the £40,000 a year mark.

It is noticeable that the Bench does not attract the great Leaders as it used to do. No wonder, now that a Judge's £5,000 a year has been cut to £4,000 a year, and is even then still subject to tax. Most laymen would imagine that the Lord Chancellor was the head of the English Bar. In point of fact that position is held by the Attorney-General, who gets £8,000 a year and fees which run into £7,000 more. Indeed, he is much the best paid member of the whole Government. That he is head of the Bar was proved some years ago when the late Lord Birkenhead quarrelled with Sir John Simon, and the former said some rude things because Sir John did not appear at the House of Lords when Lord Birkenhead was sitting as Lord Chancellor. Sir John Simon replied that he would take the matter to the Attorney-General. The tiff was patched up, but its point was emphasized.

The chief Bars are the Parliamentary Bar, the Common Law Bar, the Chancery Bar, the Probate and Divorce Bar, the Criminal Bar, and the Admiralty and Commercial Bar. There is also the Revenue Bar, if one can use the phrase colloquially, not to mention Companies Court.

The Parliamentary Bar is the most profitable and also the most dull, except the Revenue Bar. For even the Chancery can be interesting. At the Parliamentary Bar the fees are larger. The work deals with the promotion of Private Bills in Parliament and matters before the various State Departments such as Health Ministry inquiries, town-planning, and so forth. I should say that Mr. Tyldesley Jones, the good-looking K.C. with a smooth manner, has the most lucrative practice in this field.

The Criminal Bar is the least profitable, but achieves the greatest publicity. The trouble is that barristers from other Bars go over for the plum jobs. For example, Sir John Simon and Sir Patrick Hastings both figured in the Kylsant case. The leaders of the Criminal Bar are Mr. Roland Oliver and Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, the latter being one of the most thorough counsel I know. At this point it is worth noting that the stories you read in the daily newspapers about briefs being marked at 500 guineas, with refreshers of another 100 guineas a day, are mostly nonsense. You can get as good a counsel at the Criminal Bar for 100 guineas as you want. Refreshers, by the way, are a third or two-fifths of the original fees, and are paid daily. Juniors get as a fee two-thirds of their Leaders' fee, and in turn one-third or two-fifths of their original fee.

THE MOST OUTSTANDING LAWYER AND ADVOCATE OF HIS GENERATION: Sir John Simon who a few years ago was reputed to be earning at least £50,000 a year. To-day he is engaged, less lucratively, in politics

It is interesting to note that guineas paid to counsel are not £1 1s. There is an extra 2s. 6d. or 5s., according to the amount, for the clerks. Thus, if a solicitor marks a two-guinea County Court brief, he actually pays £2 4s. 6d. The expression is "for fee and clerk." The clerk, however, gets more than 2s. 6d. in the conferences, that is to say, the consultations, so no wonder he likes them.

A story is still told of a famous counsel who left nearly £750,000, that he always compounded his clerk's fees which, if he made—as he did—£60,000 a year, should have amounted to £3,000 a year at the rate of 1s. in the £. Actually he is said to have got the clerk at £200 a year, and then, so mean was he, got rid of the clerk and made his daughter do the work for nothing.

It is a curious fact that, technically, fees paid to counsel are honorariums. In other words, if a solicitor bilks a barrister, the barrister has no legal redress. What would happen, however, would be that the firm of solicitors would be put on the Black List. For solicitors are morally responsible for the payment of the barrister even though their client fails to put up the money.

The Common Law Bar involves contract and tort. This means disputes arising over agreements, and wrong done independently of contract, such as injuries under motor-car accidents, libel cases, and slander cases. Incidentally, it is very fortunate for the Bar that there should be so many running-down cases. They keep the young fellows busy in the County Courts and the old ones fully employed in the High Courts. The Leaders of the Common Law Bar are Sir Patrick Hastings, Mr. Stuart Bevan, Mr. Norman Birkett, and Sir William Jowitt. Brilliant as these men are, however, the leading authorities will tell you advisedly that the greatest lawyer and advocate (an unusual combination) at whatever Bar he appeared for the last generation has been Sir John Simon. He earned at least £50,000 a year. I say nothing, also advisedly, of his capacity as a statesman.

The Divorce Bar is usually the easiest practice in the world. After all, an undefended case takes only eight minutes, so the counsel gets an easy "five and one." This means the 5 guineas on the brief (£5 10s.) plus £1 6s. for a conference (if he gets it). Many well-known Juniors can do seven or eight on Monday morning. Nice work. You may take it, however, that the Divorce Bar is the most looked down upon of the lot, and no great personalities confine themselves to this Bar.

Another very well-paid Bar is the Admiralty and Commercial. It deals with shipping, and is very much specialized. Indeed, about a dozen firms of solicitors get 95 per cent. of the cases. It is said of the late Lord Justice Bowen, the great Common Law Judge, that when he had to sit in the Admiralty Division he addressed the members of the Bar as follows:—"Though accustomed to a different Court I am sure I can rely on your assistance, and may there be no moaning at the Bar when I put out to sea."

The Chancery Bar concerns itself with administration of trusts and the determination of all matters of equity. Parts of it are lucrative and the work is always regular. Here, too, in spite of stories, practically speaking, the best of the Leaders in a case that is not very heavy can be got for 200 guineas.

MR. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.: The terror of the cross-examined

Last week you will have noticed that seven new K.C.s were appointed. Two of them came from the Common Law Bar and two from Chancery. One is an M.P. and over sixty years of age. Another is only thirty-five—obviously a man with ambitions like Sir John Simon, who took silk at the same age.

There are disadvantages as well as advantages in taking silk. A K.C., for example, has nothing to do with pleadings, that is, the statements of a case. This cuts off a great deal of the work and income, for a Junior earns a great deal from this incidental preparation of the case. There are Juniors who have become Leaders (the legal man's name for a K.C.) but who, as a result of self-obliteration in the past, have got no work later on. Often it does not pay to take silk.

Age has nothing whatever to do with being a Junior. There is one Junior still practising at a very lucrative Bar who must be quite eighty-seven.

In conclusion, the House of Lords is the most informal Court of all. There is the Lord Chancellor admittedly in his robes, but the spectacle of two or three other old gentlemen seated on the red seats is not very imposing. Nobody else wears any of the paraphernalia of the law.

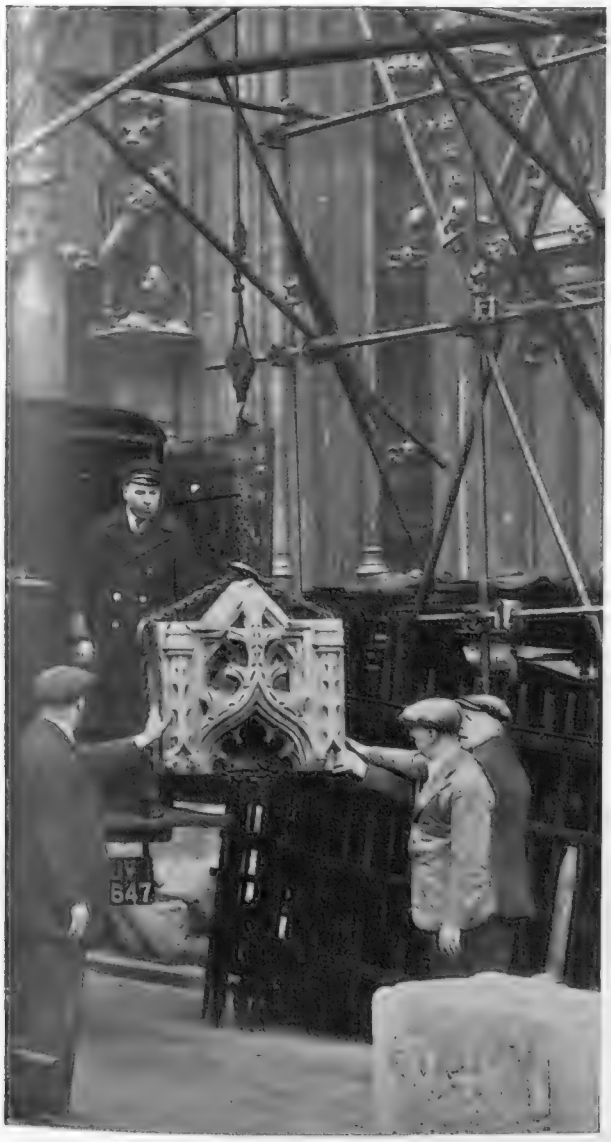
Nor must one forget that highly specialized branch of legal work which deals with patents and trade marks. There are both solicitors and barristers specializing in this. But to what extent are barristers dependent on solicitors? The answer is "entirely." It does not matter how much newspaper publicity a Leader may get if he is not well thought of professionally. Up to a point a jury may be affected by the fact that they are being addressed by a K.C. Contrariwise they may want to do the usual English trick of being sympathetic to the under-dog because he is represented by an obscure Junior. In any event, a solicitor has to be as careful over the barrister he selects as a news-editor has to be over the type of reporter he sends out. In both instances certain barristers and certain reporters are brilliant at one kind of assignment and bad at another. Particularly must the solicitor beware of a counsel who may, on the one hand, pull off a difficult case, but may, on the other hand, inflame the damages.

THE LONDON REVIEW

THE BLACK MARBLE MEMORIAL STONE TO SIR EDWARD LITTLETON, an early eighteenth-century lawyer, being re-conditioned in the porch of the Temple Church. This famous church, which dates from the twelfth-century, celebrates the 749th anniversary of its dedication this month

RENOVATING THE MEMORIAL TO RICHARD MARTIN IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH: This memorial is one of two which have been removed from the triforium and which have now been placed in a prominent position at the entry to the choir. The Temple is the largest and most important of the few remaining round churches in England

"WHY HEAR'ST THOU MUSIC SADLY?": A study in expressions on the opening day of the eleventh season of Robert Mayer Concerts for Children at the Central Hall, Westminster. On this occasion Mr. Warwick Braithwaite conducted in place of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who was indisposed. The latter has conducted at these concerts since 1924



A LINK WITH HOME: A piece of stonework being removed from the Houses of Parliament for shipment to Australia, where it will be placed in a prominent position in the archway of Wesley College, Melbourne

THE GLASS OF FASHION: Miss Molly Ellen, who three years ago started to make hats at her home in Maida Vale and who since then has achieved a considerable reputation for the originality of her designs, trying on one of her latest creations in the Bond Street showroom where she is now working. She is said to have made a great financial success of her enterprise

WITH THE MO

An Intimate Study
Who for so Many

AT THE RARELY-OPENED DOORWAY OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: This is where visitors were hauled up by a rope into the inner courtyards of the convent. Here, in this article, the reader is taken into the convent and introduced to the daily life of the pleasant, bearded monks

In a rocky valley below Jebel Musa, the Mount of Moses, lies the Monastery of St. Catherine. So steep are the sides of this valley that the walls of the monastery have, as it were, to climb up the slope on one side in order to fit themselves in. For a long time silence will reign on the neighbouring hill sides and on the desert tracks leading to the fortress-convent. From time to time visitors come and go, but few get to know intimately the life of the custodians within. It was, however, the privilege of the late Miss A. Mary Dobson to stay for a considerable period at Mount Sinai—there was a tented encampment without—and get to know something of the life led by these isolated brothers. It is clear that they love their books, though all may not be students of the more ancient texts. With Miss Dobson was Dr. Annette Benson, who copied, in colour facsimile, many of the glowing illustrations in the library. Here is her own description of one very popular volume.

AN AWE-INSPIRING GUARDIAN OF THE OSSARIUM OF THE MONASTERY: St. Stephanos, the porter, has sat there for centuries and has rarely been seen by Western eyes. The figure was observed and pictured by Dr. Annette Benson

A MUCH-LOVED PICTURE in one of the illuminated books at St. Catherine's. The devil, a figure coloured a greenish hue, has been so thumbed by enthusiastic observers that the outlines are becoming blurred. Of all the Indicopleustes pictures this is the most popular

The shelves of the library of St. Catherine's Convent on Mount Sinai are crowded with beautifully written parchment books, some of which are illustrated. There are many lectionaries and lives of saints, and among them was a large volume which specially interested me on my last visit to the convent; it had evidently been a favourite picture book of the monks. Their eager fingers marked the margins, and especially the brilliantly painted illustrations, some of which are reproduced here. In one picture the devil has come off badly; the livid green colour with which he was depicted was smudged all around, and the thick vellum page rubbed through into a hole. The monks, who showed their visitors the pictures, always pointed with glee to these favourites, and hovered round the artist in wonder that they could be so realistically reproduced.

One of the younger monks, who was himself an artist, used to come and hold the bulging volume flat; he saw the plentiful supply of fresh paints and paper and sighed deeply, his own had dried up and could not be used. Often he was seen sitting near the tents of the visitors and would come to look on when sketches were made, intensely interested and wondering, sighing "C'est juste," which seemed to be all the French he knew, but with what expression was it said! The book referred to was *The Christian Topography of Cosmas Indicopleustes*, an eleventh century copy.

According to his own story Cosmas was a man "much troubled with religion" who set about to mould this sorry scheme of things . . . according to the statements made and the hints conveyed by the "great cosmographer Moses." He was a native of Egypt and in early life a merchant, and travelled, visiting Ceylon, Sinai, and Ethiopia; later he became a monk and wrote the book about A.D. 550. He gives a list of his books in which he described "all the Earth beyond the Ocean and this side of it and all lands." Among his drawings is the earliest mediæval map of the world, also a diagram of the universe as he conceived it; the monk looked on the Ptolemaic astronomy as blasphemous and held that the sun hid behind the northern heights in the night.

There is another volume at St. Catherine's which brings one very near to the monks of former days. At the end of a strange little Arabic psalter—on a blank page—a monk has written in a story of two brothers which challenges a decision on the virtues of their own mode of life. The late Miss Dobson's brother has put this interpolation into verse, which reflects very pleasantly the feeling of the original.

The monks are usually Greeks, speaking modern Greek, and not troubling to learn much of the tongue of the country in which they live. "There," says Stanley, "in the midst of the desert, the very focus of the pure Semitic race, the traveller hears once again the accents of the Greek tongue; meets the natives of Thessalonica and of Samos; sees in the gardens the produce, not of the desert or of Egypt, but of the isles of Greece; not the tamarisk, or the palm, or the acacia, but the olive, the almond tree, the apple tree, the poplar, and the cypress of Attica and Corcyra."

The convent could hold two or three hundred in emergency, but at the time of Miss Dobson's sojourn there were only twenty-two monks in residence, with

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE WANDERINGS OF ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS: We see the pillar of cloud behind and the pillar of fire in front; Moses and Aaron leading the people; the hand of God scattering the manna which is eagerly gathered by the people; the pot of manna and the table of shewbread. From Indicopleustes' popular book

PRESENT-DAY GUARDIANS OF ST. CATHERINE'S: Three of the fraternity sheltering under the shadow of Jebel Musa. They are very courteous to strangers but also very watchful—especially of their library

NKS OF ST. CATHERINE'S

of the Day-to-Day Life of the Brethren Centuries Guarded the Codex Sinaiticus

a certain number of the Jebeliyah servants who apparently live on the premises.

Owing to the medical aid rendered by Dr. Benson, members of the party were able to see the personal rooms of monks and archimandrites. All were neatly kept, with clean beds and furniture, with little rows of personal books.

But of all the spectacles which a privileged visitor may witness the most astonishing is the clothed skeleton which sits between the vault of the lay brothers and that of the priests in the Bone House of the Convent; it is the earthly remains of St. Stephanos, the porter, who sits and guards the Bone House as he once guarded the way up to Jebel Musa, by the archway now called the Gate of St. Stephen, examining the pilgrims before they are allowed to pass on to the confessors at the second gateway close to the chapels of Elijah and Elisha. His purple skull-cap, his rosary and staff, all are there. He sits with his head slightly inclined, while the light seems to fall into the lifeless sockets, and gives a strange appearance of living intelligence. The Russian pilgrims have always taken a deep interest in St. Stephen, perhaps because of his connection with the pilgrims in days gone by; they have even provided new clothing for him as necessity arose. He died in 580, and has sat in the same spot during the centuries since.

According to Miss Dobson, who reflects Dean Stanley's observations on the same point, the present-day monks do not seem to feel any responsibility for the spiritual life of the neighbouring Arabs, but they visit the sick and care for the poor, to whom a dole of bread is given on Sundays and other festivals. Men, women, and children assemble to obtain this, and the convent almoner deals with the business from the pent-house by which visitors were once admitted. The whole proceeding is an amusing one, for first of all old rags and bits of clothing are collected from those present and drawn up, each being thrown down afterwards with a hard lump of bread in it. As the cloth descends the owner dashes forward to claim it, each recognizing his own clothing.

The Arabs seemed to see the humour of the thing, and responded cheerily to the jests of the brother above them at the pent-house. The first sight of the bread horrified the party. It was, indeed, as if these poor people had been given a stone, for the lumps looked and felt like the granite of the mountains around; but it became clear a little later that, for purposes of preservation, this was the best method. The Arabs usually soak this hard bread before eating.

The surrounding Bedouins to-day do not appear to cause any serious inconvenience to the monastery, but a century ago, in Burckhardt's time, matters were very different. Burckhardt puts this very clearly. Notwithstanding the difficulties to which the monks must have been exposed from the warlike and fanatical followers of the new faith in Syria, Arabia, Egypt, and the desert, the convent continued uninjured, and defended itself successfully against all the surrounding tribes by patience, meekness, and money.

In process of time, the Bedouins' power increasing, while that of the monks declined, the desert tribesmen took possession of the whole peninsula and confined the monks to their convent. "At present there are only twenty-three monks in the convent. They are under the presidency of a Wakyl or prior, but the Ikonomos, whom the Arabs call the Kolob, is the true head."

"The archbishop can do nothing as to the appropriation of the funds without the unanimous vote of the council. Formerly he lived in the convent; but since its affairs have been on the decline, it has been found more expedient that he should reside abroad, his presence here entitling the Bedouins to great fees, particularly on his entrance into the convent. I was told that 10,000 dollars would be required on such an occasion, to fulfil all the obligations to which the community is bound in its treaties with the Arabs."

Hence it happens that no archbishop has been here since the year 1760, when the Reys Kyrillos resided and, I believe, died in the convent.

"We shall not lightly forget them all," wrote Miss Dobson, "these monks of the desert. With all their methods and their beliefs it was impossible to agree, but we look back to them with a feeling of warm friendship and realize that it is good to have known them."

PROUD OF HIS PICTORIAL POSSESSIONS: The monks from time to time obtain examples of modern printing which they greatly prize. This particular one appears to be a Greek Church religious print in colour. In the background is the chief belfry of the monastery

ELIJAH HANDS OVER HIS GARMENT TO ELISHA as he rises to heaven in the chariot with fiery red horses; and the sons of the prophets look on. The hand of God is represented as in ancient monuments, e.g., of Tiglath-pilezer, which may be seen in the British Museum. The inset of the raven bringing bread and the River Jordan below all belong to the story

A Little Story from the Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai

(The story, put into verse by the Rev. C. C. Dobson, M.A., was found inserted by a monk on a blank page of an old Arabic Manuscript in the Library of the Convent)

Which the Greater Saint?

Upon an empty vellum page
Some studious monk with leisured care,
With letters lean, and faint with age
Had penned the story now laid bare.

Two sons a merchant left, to use
His wealth—to hold as if in trust
As Heavens gift: not to abuse
In wanton life, and dice, and lust.

Pursuant of this wise bequest
And not reluctant to obey,
Each chose the course that seemed him best,
Adjudging his the better way.

The one with open house received
All in distress or poverty,
And from full heart and purse relieved
Their needs with kindly sympathy.

The other chose the hermit life
Disbursed his wealth, and went his way
That, far removed from earthly strife,
To prayer he might devote his day.

Two friends discuss, the monk relates,
Where to assess the greater merit,
Each argues and in turn debates
What heavenly prize they will inherit.

One lauds his hero hermit saint
In canonizing terms of grace
The other marks in vivid paint
For his a haloed higher place.

Our monk records with measured word
The argument each brings anew
The pros, the cons one thinks absurd
Who holds the other rival view.

We, too, are tempted to intrude
Upon this problem. And we too
Find it not easy to conclude
To whom the greater praise is due.

Ah, yes! For us it were more meet
To leave the past of men who die
To God, and Mercy's judgment seat,
The passing of eternity.

But here each one his view defends
To yield his plea either is loath.
The argument abruptly ends
"In Paradise I saw them both."

PLAYS and FILMS

Elisabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great"—A Film Marred by Historical Inaccuracies : "Paul Twyning"—A Trivial Tragedy of Unpleasant People : The Versatility of Greta Garbo

By PHILIP PAGE

NOEL COWARD'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE LONDON STAGE SINCE "PRIVATE LIVES": Paul (Noel Coward) and Mêlanie (Yvonne Printemps) in the final scene in *Conversation Piece*, which began its run at His Majesty's Theatre last week

I fought my way to the first performance of the *Catherine the Great* film through an excited crowd and beneath the glare of, apparently, naval searchlights mounted on motor-lorries. Traffic in Leicester Square and the audience in the Leicester Square Theatre were alike specially diverted. Thousands of people swarmed in the streets, and the red glow from the theatre façade and those aforesaid searchlights showed up the figure of Shakespeare in the Square gardens as something very puny—to which those who wish to do so may attach a symbolical significance. Shakespeare had his back to it all—another point.

Can it be that one of the many things that are alleged to be wrong with the theatre is a lack of large-scale publicity? Those searchlights, which have never accompanied a theatrical first night, set me pondering. It may be said that they were there because this was a more important occasion (owing, in part, to the presence in person of the son of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and the mother of Miss Gertrude Lawrence) than any *première* in the history of the legitimate theatre. Possibly.

But it is also just as possible that the importance was there because of the searchlights as that the searchlights were there because of the importance. Not much knowledge is needed of the psychology of crowds for it to be realized that, if you tell the public, with a loud enough flourish of trumpets that an event is of epoch-making significance, they are certain to believe you. I would therefore suggest that the Society of West End Managers holds a little meeting, without delay, to discuss the advisability of organizing a similar hullabaloo, searchlights and all, whenever a new play is produced. The display could do no harm and would probably do a lot of good. Even if the searchlights were there solely for ornamental purposes, and not for the filming of the arrival of myself and lesser celebrities, the outlay would be justified.

The film itself proved much less exciting than the streets outside. To follow history exactly is anathema to your film-producer, who will usually declare that real history is dull and must therefore be "adapted." History is very rarely dull, and can never have been so dull as the pseudo-history to be found in *Catherine the Great*.

I suppose there is some justification for taking a portion of history insufficiently provided with thrills from the cinematic point of view and then twisting it into something more exciting, however much this may make the pedantic squirm (and my sympathy is here wholly with the pedants). But to replace exciting realities with tedious invention is inexcusable. In this episode of eighteenth-century Russia historical records are, believe me, more attractive than non-historical Korda. To end the film at the moment when the Empress Catherine was about to do a heap of interesting and dramatic things was bad enough; to show her as a pretty little girl-wife deeply upset at the murder of her unspeakable Tsar-husband, when in fact she had marked him down for death as surely as females in certain strata of the insect world devour their males with horrible voracity, seems to me to be sheer lunacy. Truth here may or may not be stranger than fiction, but it makes a deuced sight better drama.

Elisabeth Bergner did her wonderful best as Catherine, bringing out the pathos of the part (I don't believe Catherine had a ha'p'orth of it). But she was handicapped by having to moon lovingly round an unresponsive young man, just as she had to cling to a moody member of the Sanger gang in *Escape Me*

ANOTHER SCENE FROM "CONVERSATION Coward), complains about the butcher's

IN THE GARDEN OF 1811: Lord St. brings an invitation which her guardian

MELANIE SINGS TO THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS AT THE PARTY WHICH IS TO LAUNCH HER ON BRIGHTON SOCIETY: A colourful scene from *Conversation Piece*. On her left are standing her guardian (Noel Coward) and Lady Julia Charteris (Irene Browne)

PIECE": Paul, Duc de Chasseigny-Varennes (Noel bill to his ward, Mélanie (Yvonne Printemps)

THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON IN Mary's, equerry to the Prince Regent, to Melanie to visit his Royal master, (Noel Coward) politely refuses

Never. Heaven forbid that this sort of thing should ever be stereotyped as a Bergner part!

The real Tsar having been a tadpole-like sadist, grotesque in appearance, on the short side, and utterly mad, the part was given to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, junior, who has an exceptionally small head, is very good looking and, being decidedly tall, was clothed much of the time in a long black dressing gown which made him look about 8 ft. high. Mr. Fairbanks acted well enough, but, beyond a few outbursts of bad manners, was as normal as any nice young man should be.

Miss Flora Robson hardly made the most of her chances as the old Empress, but the part did not suit her. Sir Gerald du Maurier, on the other hand, played the tiny part of a valet for all it was worth and a good deal more. I found it depressing to see him doing little beyond helping Mr. Fairbanks on with his coat, and to see Miss Irene Vanbrugh doing still less. Some good dresses moved about in a perplexing maze of doors and corridors and the photography could not have been better.

"Paul Twyning."—I suspect that *Paul Twyning* is a shade too near life in a small Irish village to be as amusing as a farce should be. If Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* was labelled "a trivial comedy for serious people," this is in reality a trivial tragedy of unpleasant people.

The tragedy in this piece at the Little Theatre is not that anyone is murdered. Certainly no one dies of a broken heart, for I do not think there is a heart to break among the whole sorry lot of them. It is that beneath that broth-of-a-bhoy business there can be, only too frequently, as nasty a collection of the evil qualities of human nature as it is possible to find. This is not intended as another insult to Old Ireland, for there are probably English, Scotch, and Welsh villages which would run this Irish one pretty close. But I sighed for "one just man," and I really believe the little piece would have been the funnier for his presence.

Yet funny it undoubtedly is, mainly owing to the fine performance of Mr. Arthur Sinclair as a philosophical plasterer who is a bigger scoundrel than any of the collection of morons and crooks he diddles. The details of the plot are unimportant; they involve blackmail, forgery, general lying, drunkenness, theft, doping, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness just to fill in the corners.

Good support for Mr. Sinclair came from Miss Maire O'Neill and Mr. Fred O'Donovan. If it were not certain that Mr. De Valera does not care a damn what England thinks of Ireland I would put this play down as pretty poor propaganda.

"Queen Christina."—The reigning queens of the cinema have a natural partiality for a film throne, and we now have Elisabeth Bergner sitting on the throne of Russia on the south side of Leicester Square, and Greta Garbo sitting on the throne of Sweden on the north side of it, with in between them Julius Cæsar being stabbed six nights a week (and two matinées) because it was thought that he aspired to a throne for himself.

Queen Christina is a better film than *Catherine of Russia*—we need not plunge again into the discussion of historical accuracy—because it is more dramatic, more vivid, and better directed. The Garbo dominates it all, and that is good business. For the film millions are more interested in her than in Swedish history; indeed, there are probably many to whom Sweden's sole claim to importance is that it is her birthplace.

I would have had a little less of the Garbo, not because I am not among her admirers, but because I think it inadvisable for anyone to risk wearing their welcome. I had not seen her since *Grand Hotel*, in which she was utterly unsuited, for she does not look like a ballet dancer and cannot walk like one. But her gruff masculinity has a regal air about it, and when in this film she tramps about in man's clothes and obviously enjoys doing so, one aspect of her appeal becomes manifest. The tenderness of her love scene with the Spanish Envoy gives her a chance to show a versatility I, frankly, had not suspected. That versatility does not yet extend to the expression of her face, which remains somewhat glumly beautiful throughout. One longs for the tiniest glimmer of humour; the Garbo is so very, very Nordic. Perhaps there was not much to laugh at in Sweden in those days; it is not the most hilarious of countries even in 1934. But the Garbonic voice seems to melt more than it did and the broken English is less rasping.

Others in the cast, with the exception of Mr. John Gilbert (her old partner), have ludicrously little to do. When will a film director risk a production in which the two lovers are supported by something more than a parcel of nonentities with but a line or two apiece? Shakespeare did not write his plays in this fashion, and he has his points as a model.

"Success Story."—*Success Story*, a play of New York office life, has come from the Shilling Fulham Theatre to succeed the short-lived *Birthday* at the Cambridge. In its present form there is nothing to suggest New York except some sky-scrapers—one of them with a Pisa-like lean—on the back-cloth, and much talk of "speakeasies."

I could not quite gather by what means the millions were made in that office, in which nearly everyone jabbered hard about anything but business. That made them rather thirsty, for they went round the corner "to have a quick one" with tantalizing regularity. An exception in the matter of drinks was the Jew, Sol Ginsburg, who was a go-getter, a glittering prizer, to the highest degree of human endurance. He talked all day and informed the Jewish typist who adored him (and who eventually, for some unfathomable reason, shot him in the stomach) that he never slept at night. In spite of these handicaps he managed in a short time to rise from junior clerk to control of the business and unlimited cigars. He bought out for 200,000 dollars the employer who had sacked him, and married the employer's mistress who cost him a good deal more than that.

As a study of a Jew whose passion is money and the power it gives, the play is interesting up to the end of Act II. Ginsburg, for all his loquacity, is a not unsympathetic figure, and I would have been more sorry when he was shot had not his death brought to a welcome close an incredibly bad act.

The character is largely caricature; but the tenacity, the ferocity of the Jew fighting his way up from nothing, his bursts of generosity and kind-heartedness, the mixture of courage and meanness, of arrogance and pathos, make it memorable and of dramatic value. It lost nothing by the clever way it was played by Mr. Esmé Percy. But even Mr. Percy could not fight against the preposterous shooting scene. Any Jew, Christian, Turk, Dancing Dervish, Hottentot, or Eskimo, who was shot in the stomach fatally, might do a lot of things, from squealing like a rabbit to subsiding with a groan. He would certainly not utter fine phrases at considerable length, except, possibly, in a play by Mr. Sean O'Casey.

"HERE'S HOW!": Patricia Leonard, who is playing in the new Walker-Nesbitt production at the Saville. Lili Damita and George Robey head the cast

Miss Beatrix Lehmann was given a tense part as the typist who knew Sol from the time they were in a humble tenement together to the period when he was giving his wife diamonds and Louis XV furniture. That she did not have to say much was in this instance a help in making the character more impressive; for in that company of chattering magpies she stood out in welcome contrast, with one companion—Mr. Abraham Sofaer. Mr. Sofaer had to walk in and out almost monosyllabically, wearing a fur coat. He was described as being richer than any of them. Possibly he managed that by talking less.

Miss Jeanne de Casalis had a difficult task as Sol's wife, though she had no difficulty in being extremely decorative. But the author had not, apparently, made up his mind whether the woman was a heartless vamp or a good sort gone wrong. And I do not think it very much mattered. *(Continued on p. 292)*

MELODY AT THE MICROPHONE: Jack Buchanan, who lives up to his long-standing reputation in *Mr. Whittington* at the Hippodrome

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Miss Cicely Hamilton's Painstaking Survey of Russia as it is To-day: Miss Winifred Holtby's Devastating Satire in "Truth is Not Sober"

MISS CICELY HAMILTON, author of *Modern Russia*—a new Dent publication

MISS WINIFRED HOLTBY, author of *Truth is Not Sober*, published by Collins

One of the greatest pleasures in life is to be in the company of a really intelligent person who has the power of reconstructing all that he has seen. This is a reportorial quality by no means common. I think the success which has greeted Miss Cicely Hamilton's series of books dealing with conditions in Germany, France, and Italy is due to the real ability she has for seeing things clearly, expressing herself candidly, and always exhibiting sympathy and broad common sense. It was a happy thought of her publishers to send her to Russia. What is the real truth about that country? I am not prepared to accept any statement by Lord Marley, or any such persistent pro-Bolshevik. On the other hand, a closed mind is useless in dealing with so downright an experiment as that undertaken in Russia. The tourists who are conducted through Russia are quite useless as witnesses. They see what they are permitted to see, they hear only what is translated for them to hear, and from the moment they leave London they are subjected to a spate of propaganda.

Miss Hamilton undertook the journey as an independent eye-witness. What she tells us in **Modern Russia (Dent. 7s. 6d.)** arises from her own experience. She is no echo of the megaphoned information that fills the Russian ear at all hours of the day and night. As for Liberty, Miss Hamilton felt as most of us have felt after leaving a repressive atmosphere. "For some odd reason, some queer twist of pride, it used to give me pleasure when I walked about Moscow to think of the many and various persons—from Bernard Shaw to the Glasgow 'Red'—who had travelled to Moscow on British passports; given a bad character to the country they lived in; and returned to that country on their British passports, to the complete indifference of British law and police." Miss Hamilton regards that as a precious tradition which should be preserved. I regard it as characteristic of the disease which is attacking our national fabric, a weak acceptance of the policy of *laisser-faire* and a mania for compromise. The impression of Miss Hamilton's book is that of a mass of contradictions, of an anti-capitalistic regime that thrives on forced investments, of a country that preaches international peace and spends vast sums on attempts to wreck the stability of other countries, of a people that claim to have got rid of the tyranny of religion and is obsessed with a persecution mania.

As for culture, Miss Hamilton agrees with most impartial observers. There is none. Not a single work of art in literature, painting, or music has emerged from Russia since the Revolution, and its cultural movement is summed up in the distribution of revolutionary literature and face powder. What Miss Hamilton noticed foremost was the utter drabness of the people and of their lives. They live without any of the minor assets of convenience so common to us that we are hardly aware of our possession of them. The shops, such as exist, have nothing to exhibit. The crazy lines upon which life for the individual has developed are illustrated by the preponderance of face powder everywhere. "There seems to be a shortage of every other useful commodity, from housing accommodation to brown paper and soap, but never a shortage of face powder. What it is made of I do not know. I had always thought flour had something to do with it, but with long queues waiting outside the bread shops it would seem unlikely that foodstuffs should go into its composition. . . . Wherever I strayed in the Soviet Union, from Leningrad in the North to Sevastopol in the South, there was always sufficiency of powder in the local shops.

As for the unpleasant truths, the Communist has an easy way of disposing of them. They are the result of capitalist propaganda. Everywhere in Russia one is told with enormous pride that there are no unemployed. "Who," then asked Miss Hamilton, "were the people who seemed to have nowhere to go, the people one saw sleeping on steps and pavements, the gutter merchants, and the beggars who came to the side of the train and implored passengers for food?" My guide was visibly taken aback. "You're the only tourist," she said reproachfully, "who has ever said we have people out of work. All my English and American tourists say we have no unemployed." And Miss Hamilton wisely left it at that. There is no truth in Russia outside the Communist version.

One of the most appalling aspects of Russian life is the pest of young street arabs. These wandering, thieving, hooligan children infest the cities. True, the authorities are making bold attempts to deal with this pest. The wild children are collected and educated in colonies, but the vagabond life is still pursued by thousands. These children are famished, homeless, and desperate. Their hands are against everybody, they live by their wits. Miss Hamilton observed a pair of train jumpers. They were small, ragged, and barefoot, aged about seven and nine. The elder was cool and self-possessed. Again and again they were thrown off the train forcibly, landing in the sand at the side of the train. But again and again they succeeded in boarding the train at the next halt. Russia has bred a generation of unspanked children. They chide their elders, and throw at them that most awful taunt, "You belong to the past"; they interrupt school lessons to attend infant committees. The youths grow up inculcated with the drug theory of religion, with marriage *au code*, educated by poster and broadcast rhetoric.

What is the final impression conveyed by Miss Hamilton's most painstaking survey? Among much that is heroic, from an enthusiasm that often has an ideal basis, from a freedom that springs from utilitarianism divorced from tradition with a thoroughness impossible in this country, Miss Hamilton seems to derive the impression that Russia is in no better social condition than was England in the hungry forties, and that her condition is inferior in many ways in that it lacks anything spectacular, anything offering colour and diversity beyond the mere economic struggle for existence. In a hundred years, or with good fortune in fifty, it seems likely that the Russian people may attain a comfort in living and a degree of personal choice and freedom that have been known to the English people since the days of George I. The one supreme impression derived by Miss Hamilton, who looks with sympathy and charity on this great experiment, is that of appalling, unrelieved drabness. They have got rid of the God of the Old Testament and have substituted the God of the Machine, and have invented a new Devil called Sabotage.

Miss Hamilton in Russia preserved an open mind, an heroic effort in a country wholly organized to close the mind to all theories of economic life except one. Of all the books on Russia I trust hers most, because, a trained observer, she never thinks what she wishes to think. A tireless intellect sifts the evidence, and a boundless sympathy draws the conclusions. She is a judge free of the trammels of the law, responsible to her conscience.

I have no hesitation in recommending **Truth is Not Sober, by Miss Winifred Holtby (Collins. 7s. 6d.).** The sheer competency, the razor edge of her mind, the variety of her experience, and the independence of outlook informing every one of these twenty-seven satiric, exotic, bucolic, and domestic studies leave me breathless with admiration. But Miss Holtby fills me with apprehension. In a world of such insight, where a cosmic intelligence examines the human animalcule, can Miss Holtby retain any belief in anything? Her satire, whether of the "Reformers in Hell," or of "The Voice of God," is devastating because it never deserts pure reason. In the space of two thousand words or less, Miss Holtby presents a microcosm of life, dissects it, and shows how little separates a pimp and a Prime Minister, or a desperate woman from an exit via a gas-oven. I can think of only one other pen that might have written these stories, Somerset Maugham's, but with this difference, that Maugham is slightly tired of life and Miss Holtby has a tremendous zest for it. If *Truth is Not Sober* does not intoxicate you with its truth, then no draught of logic can unbalance your reason. If only Miss Holtby would be human and totter once. But twenty-seven times she does a *pas seul* on the tight-rope of Truth.

Writing of sobriety, ere we soar giddily into the upper atmosphere, is there a combine between the novelists and the sherry trade? This week I have received seven invitations to sherry parties to be given by authors, or their publishers, to celebrate the births of their novels. *In vino veritas* perhaps, but I suspect, in all this sherry, seduction of the critic.

This is a week of clever women—one with excursions into Russia, one with excursions into satire, and now one with excursions into the upper atmosphere. I have enjoyed, but have not understood, every page of **Miss Dorothy Fisk's** absorbing study, **Exploring the Upper Atmosphere (Faber and Faber. 6s.).** A protest was made at a recent convention of the British Association against the confusing jargon used by scientific men, and the unnecessary obfuscation that resulted. Miss Dorothy Fisk could, I believe, make Einstein plain, and show us whether that unknowable theory is worth knowing, or the headlines it has earned. When Professor Piccard made his famous ascent in a balloon many people found it merely comic. Ballooning has always seemed comic to those who watched. But Miss Fisk rightly remarks, "It was Professor Piccard who rescued the reputation of the balloon from its somewhat ignominious position in popular esteem, and earned for it the respect already accorded to the aeroplane, the speed boat, and the racing car."

Miss Fisk then goes on to explain what Professor Piccard and others looked for and found in the upper atmosphere. Dr. Brose, in his introduction, points out that Miss Fisk believes science, romance, and poetry to be dependent on one another. "But however unorthodox her manner, her facts are carefully accurate and her matter will bear the most orthodox scrutiny." Anyone with the detective instinct highly developed will follow (with breathless attention) Miss Fisk's clues to what is going on over our heads. She soars through the ozone layer, along the paths of radio waves, dodging projectiles in space, and giving us a magnificent view of the Polar Lights, until we encounter the mysterious cosmic rays, with their habit of ionization. No one quite knows yet where these rays come from. Professor Piccard was able to listen to the sound produced by the ionization effected by the cosmic rays, hence his remark that "they rattled down on his gondola." It is estimated that the high speed particles in the cosmic rays have a velocity of 2,660,000,000 volts upwards, or around 186,000 miles per second. The virtue of Miss Fisk's book for the ordinary reader is that the higher she goes the clearer she becomes, and she parts with the reader leaving the pleasant impression that he has been immensely clever. Certainly he is immensely entertained. As a mental gymnastic, in which the layman is not asked to be too acrobatic, Miss Fisk's book is excellent. I was quite taken out of myself ten miles above the earth's crust, and then set loose in the universe, piloted by her with unerring skill.

Let us turn from fact to fiction. Miss Fisk makes her first voyage in the atmosphere. **Miss N. S. Leitch** makes her first excursion in fiction with **Sara Alone (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).** This is the study of a devoted young wife and a straying young husband. That is not a new story, even down to the fact that the wife adopts her husband's son by another woman. But we are made to feel that the facts of this story do not really matter. Miss Leitch is concerned with the reactions of Sara, who lives in England, Granada, and Provence. Philip is an artist and, I am afraid, a cad. And Sara, it transpires, was not really so independent as she thought. "If ever you want to love anybody else besides me, I shall understand. I shan't mind."

There is no woman on earth who has ever said that to the man she loves and spoken the truth. Philip was a fool to accept the statement at its face value. Encouraged by it, he informed Sara that he had had a mistress, and she straightway fainted. When she came round she knew she would never be all right again. Miss Leitch's novel is an analysis of the emotions evoked by this situation, but her drama is subtly allied to the landscape. The tragedy opens with the blowing of the mistral—and closes with it. I think she has unnecessarily handicapped herself by writing throughout in a mood of recollection. Action in retrospect loses half its force. Even so the whole story is most delicately conceived and nervously expressed. It is the movement of a strong flood rather than the rage of a tempest despite the analogy of the mistral blowing through the book, and a consciousness of power is subtly expressed.

On page 292 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

SNAPSHOTS IN THE SNOW

A delightful camera study from Arosa, the popular Swiss resort

The midday apéritif taken at the rink side

COCKTAILS ON ICE

PORTERS PARADE

Hotel servants waiting for the arrival of a train at Arosa station

SIESTA AMID SNOW AND SUNSHINE

A restful afternoon after a morning's climbing

Cocktail time on the ice-rink at Arosa

THE SKATING WAITER

DUNLOP
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
S P E E D

HOME EVENTS

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW PRACTISING ON THE THAMES AT GORING where they went this week to stay as the guests of Mr. P. Haig Thomas, who is now coaching them. They have shown excellent form during the past few days

MALE MANNEQUINS AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: The latest styles in evening wear on one of the White City stands

A ROYAL PATRON OF INDUSTRY: The Queen being welcomed by officials at Olympia, where she made a three-hour tour of the British Industries Fair on Tuesday. Among the Queen's many purchases was an ivory elephant chariot

THE LESSER EVIL: The engine of a goods train which was prevented from colliding with a London train at Ongar, Essex, by the promptitude of a signalman who switched it on to a siding where it climbed a 30-ft. embankment

BRYN TRUTHFUL, winner of the Waterloo Cup, and his owner, Major Hugh Peel

A NEW PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER FOR THE INDIA-SOUTH AFRICA TRADE: The 8,000-ton motor vessel, *Incomati*, being launched at Messrs. Workman, Clark and Company's Belfast shipyard for the Bank Line (Andrew Weir and Company)

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN MARCHING ON LONDON to attend a mass demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday. As usual, the police are taking special precautions to maintain order

"BLACKSHIRTS" INTERVENE IN THE TITHE WAR: Fascists on guard at the entrance to Mr. R. H. Rash's farm near Wortham, Suffolk, where 15 bullocks and 134 pigs have been impounded for tithe arrears. The police made eighteen arrests

A "SEASHORE" IN A CITY

Inland Surf-Bathing Amid Artificially Produced Breakers at the Famous Gellert Bath, Budapest—London and the Provinces soon to have Similar Facilities

A HEAVY SEA RUNNING IN THE GELLERT BATH AT BUDAPEST where the pleasures of bathing are enhanced by the provision of artificial waves which are set in motion for a quarter of an hour at a time. Baths of a similar nature are to be opened in England during the summer

MIXED BATHING AMID ARTIFICIALLY CREATED WAVES: When this remarkable system is introduced into England, artificial sunlight will also be provided, thus making the baths independent of climatic conditions

A GENERAL VIEW OF BUDA possible to enjoy all the exhilaration haunt of Ministers of

The people of Budapest can get to the sea only by leaving their native soil and taking a long train journey. But the people of Budapest have not allowed that little matter of geography to stand between them and the joys of surf-bathing. The famous Gellert Bath is not only the social and political centre of the town—it is the plage where any conditions of sea-waves can be supplied to order.

Every quarter of an hour the artificial wave-making machinery is switched on, and the bathers can enjoy the exhilaration of surf-bathing with none of its difficulties or dangers.

During the last year or two this country has become very strikingly keen on bathing; and although the sea is within reasonable reach of almost every bit of the country, swimming pools have multiplied enormously.

Now at last England is to have the same inland surf-bathing facilities as Budapest. Profiting by the experience of the Gellert Bath, British Lidos, Ltd., have taken over the exclusive right to build baths with the Undosa Surf Wave equipment.

This equipment for the artificial production of surf waves in indoor or outdoor swimming pools is recommended by the medical profession, municipal authorities, and health officers on the Continent, and the system ensures perfect aeration and continuous purification of the water, and incorporates the most modern hygienic bathing-pool principles. Arrangements have been made with the well-known firm of hydraulic engineers,

PEST'S POPULAR MUNICIPAL SWIMMING BATH where it is
of surf-bathing with none of its dangers. During the mornings it is the
the Government, business men, and leaders of society

Glenfield and Kennedy, Ltd. of London and Kilmarnock, to manufacture and instal this equipment, and work will shortly be commenced on the construction of surf-wave bathing pools in London and Liverpool.

The accompanying pictures show very clearly the fascination of these ingenious artificial surf waves, and the popularity of this exhilarating and healthful form of bathing.

SURF-BATHING EXTRAORDINARY: Another view of the Gellert Bath, which is "plage," café, and fashionable meeting-place in one

A ROUGH SPELL: A journey to the sea from Budapest is both tiresome and expensive. It is little wonder, then, that the people flock to the Gellert Bath for an invigorating plunge

YOUR BLOOD BE ON YOUR OWN HEAD! A pointed addition to the usual warnings has been made by the Gloucestershire County Council

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

No matter which daily, evening, or Sunday newspaper is read it is practically certain that some reference to road accidents will be found. If only words could cure the trouble there would not be another road death in the British Empire for a century. There is no doubt, however, that a position a little short of panic has been created, and therefore the present time is fraught with distinct danger of oppressive legislation being enacted. I do not think there is any actual law which says that the pedestrian has the prior right to the road, but certainly most people are of the opinion that some such rule or custom exists. Whatever legislation is introduced should, therefore, lay down very clearly at the beginning that everyone has equal rights on the highways of the country. Once that has been conceded it must obviously follow that everyone should have equal responsibilities. If a motorist can be prosecuted for obstructing the road, for careless or dangerous driving, or can be mulcted for damages for having injured a third party, then the pedestrian should likewise suffer a similar penalty if convicted of obstructing the road, of dangerous or careless walking, and pay for any injuries he may cause through neglect. If the Minister of Transport will look upon the problem in this way a valuable contribution towards greater safety will have been made.

I seem to have heard quite a lot within the last week or two on the suggestion that motorists should be examined for their ability to drive before being issued with a licence. This suggestion is a real old chestnut, but if it were adopted I feel quite certain that the number of road accidents would not be decreased by one. Really well-conducted schools of motoring are now being opened up in the provinces, and I think if a person is taught in one of these properly managed institutions no further test of ability would serve any useful purpose. I do not know whether these schools include instruction in elementary mechanics in their curriculum, but I do think it would be of real use to teach every driver just the smattering of the laws of friction, momentum, etc., and such subjects as centrifugal force. I have known friends who, in their early days of motoring, thought that the only way to get round a corner was to press on the accelerator harder, and for years they have driven in that manner before they found out that it is usually wiser to do just the reverse. Unless some people have had a skid I do not believe they realize that the grip given by a wet surface is any less than that when it is dry.

Preparations are now being rapidly made for the R.A.C. Rally which takes place from March 13 to 17. This event has attracted over 400 entries, though only 400 can actually be accepted. This number constitutes a record for any British competition of this nature and serves to show that the motor car has not yet quite passed into the category of the typewriter or the household mangle. It is still a piece of mechanism which can be utilized in a sporting way. Bournemouth is the rallying point this year, and I think the practice of changing the town on each occasion has much to recommend it, as a change brings those competitors who enter regularly each year to a new centre of attraction as each rally is held.

These are the days when we have cars which start themselves automatically, when gears can be changed without a murmur of sound, and when free-wheels help us to glide along; but I am beginning to wonder whether too much attention is paid to these new ideas so that other smaller matters suffer. For instance, not so long ago a friend of mine came down to see me, and when preparing to turn he discovered that a front tyre had punctured. Out came the jack, which incidentally had not been removed from its original packing, but all the efforts in the world would not induce it to fit under the axle, which by the way was fitted with special pads or platforms for the proper reception of the jack. As the car had come straight down from a London firm who were the accredited agents of the car in question, this contretemps surprised me and also my friend who was a member of the firm in question. I was told afterwards that this instance led to the discovery that all the jacks sent out were unusable.

To-day we can get a car for £200 or less, and it is almost a miracle how it can be produced for the money. As I have said before, it is fitted with wonderful gadgets and is extremely comfortable; but then we find on many occasions that the jack does not fit, and even if it does, it is a shoddy affair which falls to pieces or has a handle which produces blisters in a few seconds. The tools are frequently third-rate and a better set could be purchased for half-a-crown. Lamps too are sometimes not in keeping, though they look all right until a bulb has to be taken out and a new one inserted. I would suggest to manufacturers that a pound or two extra spent in improving equipment, such as I have mentioned, would not be resented by the public.

Then again, very successful efforts have been made to clean up the exterior of the car and to give it a better appearance, but how many cars are really nice to look at under the bonnet? More often than not there are rods bent in fantastic shapes, there are high-tension leads lying about like worms all over the place, and no tray or metal shield is fitted to prevent the engine and all the essential works from being plastered with mud. Then, to crown the whole outfit, quantities of black paint are flung over the entire power unit. Surely something can be done to tidy up this very important part of a motor car.

In the race for low price, accessibility has been forgotten. In many cases, although a dip-stick is fitted, it is quite impossible to take it out for inspection unless one is a contortionist. The filling orifice for lubricating oil is far too frequently tucked away in an awkward corner. The owner-driver who desires to drain off the circulating water sometimes finds that the tap to be manipulated is in such a position that he must lie on his back on the floor to get at it. We could well afford to call a halt in progress of design and spend a few years in tidying up and improving these minor details which at present seem to be forgotten.

BY-PASSING CANTERBURY: A further section of the Kent coastal road recently completed near Faversham. It will soon be possible for motorists to reach the seaside resorts of the Isle of Thanet without driving through Canterbury

The R.A.C. have published their analysis of the causes of breakdowns in motor cars which come to their notice. Owing to their "Get you home scheme" which provides, as it were, free salvage to members in the event of a breakdown or accident occurring whilst they are on the road, quite a number of cases pass through their hands and, as the analysis is taken from these, the figures given must be considered representative. Space prevents me from giving the comparative figures for the past six years, but they are very interesting and sometimes surprising. The part of a car which is apparently most likely to let a driver down is the ignition. For the last five years in 20 per cent. of the breakdowns registered, failure in the ignition was the cause. It is very strange that this percentage figure scarcely varies at all, though I must say that when looking further at the causes of breakdown I find that in the majority of cases the percentage figures vary very slightly. The next most troublesome part is the back-axle, and then in turn come "accidents."

In other words, not mechanical breakdowns but a bump between the member's car and something unpleasant and hard. In this case I am glad to note that the percentage figure has shown a steady decline during the past six years. This helps to confirm my view that, in spite of the general opinion that motorists are more careless or more dangerous than before, there are actually fewer accidents per motor car than ever before. In other words, although the number of accidents has, in fact, increased, that number has not swollen in the same proportion as the number of cars on the road.

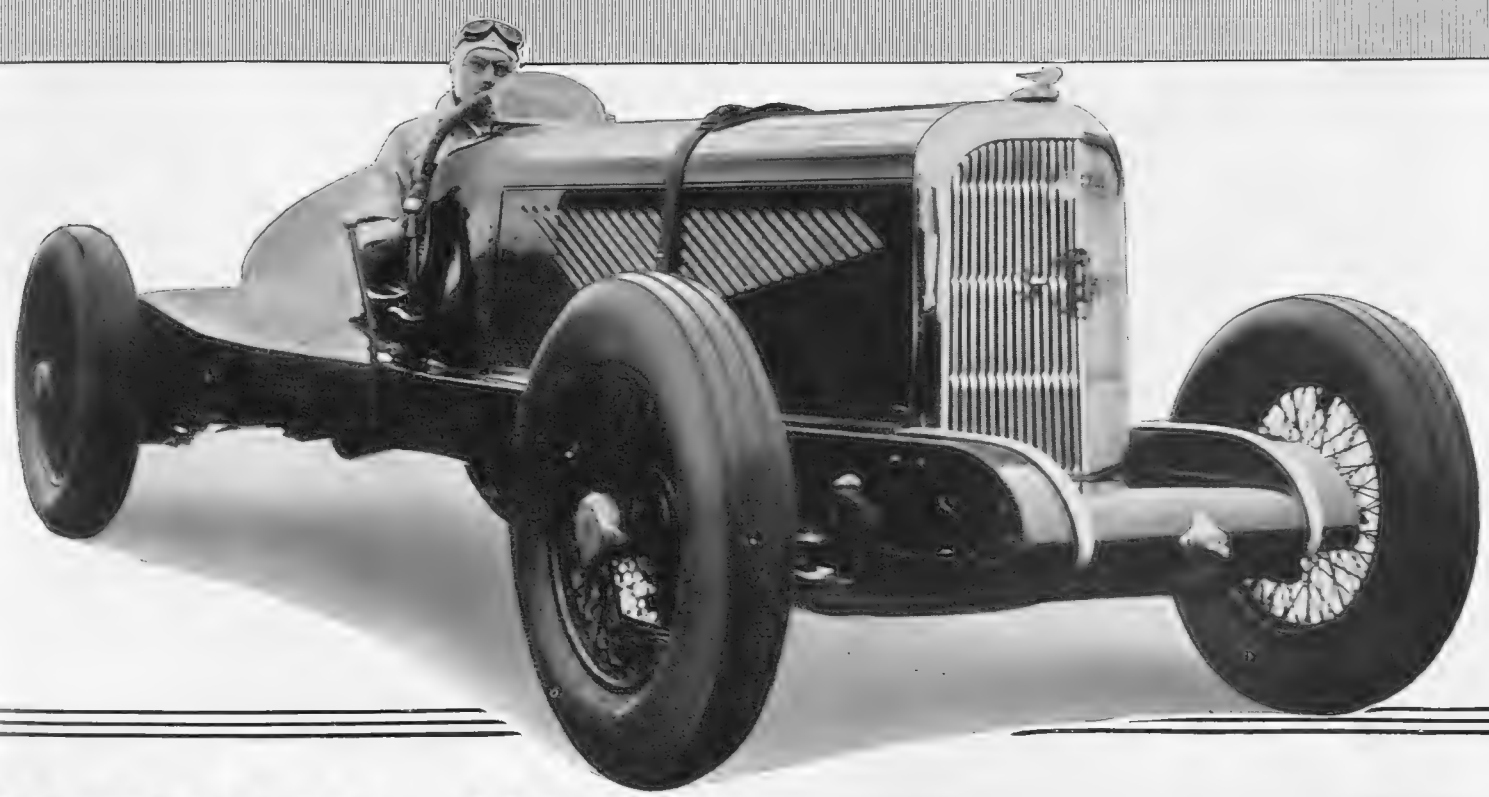
A WINTER'S RUN: One of the new Morris Ten-Sixes crossing the Thames at Newbridge. The massive buttresses, on the downstream side of the bridge only, tell of the swift currents when the water is high

I have just been informed that the Austin factory at Longbridge, Birmingham, has been added to, so that there is now a new building giving 128,000 sq. ft. more of floor area than before. Anyone who has visited the Austin factory must have come away breathless after ascertaining its size, so that news of further extensions comes as quite a shock. It certainly shows that Austin cars are becoming even more popular, which, of course, is not surprising.

It is becoming quite a fashion now for motor clubs to organize Continental tours for their members. The Riley Motor Club have already announced their programme, and now plans have been drawn up for Austin owners to make an extensive tour in France, Italy, and Switzerland during Whitsuntide. These tours are arranged for owners with their cars, and this particular one for Austin owners will occupy about a fortnight and will leave Dover on May 19.

CHICHESTER'S WARMEST POINT: During the recent cold spell the police on point duty were supplied with braziers. The scene depicted is at the famous Cross

GREATEST DISTANCE EVER COVERED IN 1 HOUR ON LAND!



WORLD'S HOUR RECORD BROKEN

133.01 miles by
Capt. G. E. T. Eyston

at the wheel of an 8-cylinder Panhard on the Montlhéry Track on February 4th. He also broke the following World's and International Class B records:—

100 miles 132.98 m.p.h. 200 kilometres 133.04 m.p.h.
(Subject to official confirmation)

WAKEFIELD
Castrol
MOTOR OIL

"If there were a better oil than Wakefield Castrol, I should use it" George Eyston

PLACES in the WINTER SUN

A Cruise to Lisbon, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Dakar, and Madeira

LAS PALMAS: Cave dwellings at Atalaya

I was looking for somewhere to escape to at Christmas. (As I regard my friends and relations as poor substitutes for the children I haven't got, my Christmases form a saga of escapes.) For this I was prepared to give up the comforts of home and take to a jammed-up existence, supported by "personal luggage," and the hit-or-miss sustenance of hotels. Warmth and sunshine could be the only compensations. How about those advertisements for "Sunshine Cruises"? There was one which announced twenty-one days, calling at Lisbon, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Dakar, and Madeira.

I looked at a map. I brooded. Dakar was pretty far down on the African coast, and weren't some of those islands the Canaries, chief export bananas? Bananas didn't grow in frost-bitten latitudes.

I went. Like a fool I decided to motor to Southampton, and slid along the Basingstoke by-pass in a storm of sleet and hail. The other passengers stepped from a nice warm train on to a covered gangway and into what looked like a luxury hotel. From the corner of a comfortable lounge a string orchestra was murmuring something of Chopin's. I sat down and was immediately given tea with the largest assortment of cakes I have ever seen. The blast of a siren reminded me that the first duty of every traveller is to check the luggage; could I have the bill? The waiter looked positively startled. Was I a passenger? Yes, I was. Well, sir, there's no extras. I then realized what I now write down to be the great difference between a cruise and an hotel holiday. Included in your passage fare are not only food and service but there are positively no "extras," those doublers and treblers of hotel bills.

All sorts of things happen in the Bay of Biscay, and the man who was in Poona in '85 will gratuitously inform you on most of them. I ate caviare, a mousse of lobster, roast pheasant, soufflé en surprise, and about half a ton of delicious black grapes slap in the middle of that BAY—and I am a bad sailor. Next morning, in brilliant sunshine, I was looking through the glasses at that grand old piece of Nature in the raw known as Cape St. Vincent, and remembered the tanning I got as a youngster for rendering the famous opening of Browning's poem as: Knobbly, knobbly Cape St. Vincent.

Yes, I was already on the sun deck. All around me young men and maidens, old men and children were leaping about at various kinds of deck sports. Farther aft that fine old Anglo-Saxon institution, the liver, was being violently agitated in the gymnasium. The open-air swimming pool was filled with translucent green water; the sun-bathing mats were out. The men had broken out into a rash of white trousers; as for the women, there wasn't a fur coat in a car load.

At Casablanca I first saw my hostess, the *Arandora Star*. Docks are all very much the same, and the Arab who drove me towards the town in a ramshackle old landau was a mere variation on a wide world theme of Jehus; but as I turned and looked back at the *Arandora Star*, gleaming and dazzling white in the Moroccan sun, I felt as proud of her graceful lines and general air of spotlessness as if I owned her. Yes, and to all intents and purposes I *did* own her. Did I wish to go by motor car, or train, to Rabat and see the Sultan drive in state procession to the mosque? Or in Casablanca itself, which the French have turned into a little North African Paris—there were heaps of things to see. On the *Arandora Star* they would arrange it all for me.

At Las Palmas she rode at anchor in a blue bay while some of us went into the hills, among the banana groves, to remark the pale and exceptional beauty of the girls of the people who live in the caves surrounding the extinct volcano. At Santa Cruz we went ashore on Christmas Day and drove in an open car to Orotava (which lies in the loveliest valley in this most beautiful of islands) and ate Spanish dishes under the shade of a giant ilex. "If the señor is wise," said the restaurant keeper, "he will wear a hat." "Mad dogs and Englishmen," hummed my companion.

We crossed into the Tropic of Cancer, and the time to leave the swimming pool was not until the big red blob of the sun had sunk, with incredible swiftness, below the horizon. London, I reflected, had already had three hours of darkness.

Dakar is in darkest Senegal. The nearest I had been to a Senegalese before was outside the barracks at Fréjus. Blue-black they were, except when they dived for pennies into opal-coloured water and streaked through it like animated bronze. Here it was not merely hot; one sweltered. Regretfully we turned our chairs and faced the sun over the ship's stern. New Year's Eve at Madeira is not easily to be forgotten. We dropped anchor in Funchal Bay, where the little town nestles in a natural amphitheatre with a diadem of hills around. At dusk the lights begin to flash and twinkle. Houses, streets, hotels, even the roads up into the hills are all outlined in lights. Then, suddenly, the hill-tops themselves spring into light. Madeira is *en fête*.

At Lisbon we are reminded that Europeans wear overcoats in the winter, and sadly we note the prolonged twilight and the shortening days. We have our last fancy dress dance; the sports prizes are graciously presented by that nice Countess; the skipper makes a happy little speech, and we all vow to be here again.

It is 4.45 on a Saturday afternoon in London. Under the street lamp on the corner a boy is shouting "football results"; 4.45 on the *Arandora Star*—"How about a game of deck tennis and a swim afterwards?"

O. W.

DAKAR: The French War Memorial

With Offices throughout England and Wales and in India and Burma, and Agents and Correspondents in all parts of the World, this Bank is fully equipped to undertake banking business of all kinds

1677

Chairman:
J. W. BEAUMONT PEASE

Deputy-Chairman:
Sir AUSTIN E. HARRIS, K.B.E.

Chief General Managers:
F. A. BEANE G. F. ABELL

Joint General Managers:
W. G. JOHNS, D.S.O., R. A. WILSON, S. PARKES, S. P. CHERRINGTON

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 71, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
LIMITED

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Paid-up Capital - -	£9,479,416
Reserve Fund - - -	8,000,000
Deposits, etc. (Dec., 1933)	289,254,151

Chairman:
COLIN F. CAMPBELL.

Deputy Chairmen:
FRANCIS ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Sir ALFRED E. LEWIS, K.B.E.

Chief General Manager:
ERNEST CORNWALL.

Joint General Managers:
F. WALLER, W. HADWICK, R. NORMAN SMITH, L. W. STEAD.

All Classes of Banking Business transacted.

Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.
Over 1,350 Offices. Agents Everywhere.

Affiliated Banks:
COUTTS & CO. GRINDLAY & CO., LTD.

Quality Tells—

"Ah! there's a distinction about this glorious whisky doubly appreciated when one knows it costs only 12/6"

Sanderson's VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere stock VAT 69 and are proud to sell it.

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863

Plays and Films

(Cont. from p. 281)

"CONVERSATION PIECE"

Noel Coward's Play of Elegant Charm

Mr. Noel Coward in his latest production is like a pianist who has set himself a very difficult piece—*Conversation Piece*. No composer, playing his own concerto, has ever deliberately amassed so many obstacles, and Mr. Coward, a giant rejoicing in his strength and in his lucky star, which twinkles undimmed, has had "tremendous fun" in overcoming them.

I enjoyed *Conversation Piece* at His Majesty's both for what it is not (it is, Heaven be praised, far removed from noisy blare, prehistoric japes, and a hoofing chorus) and for the thing of elegant charm that it is. I also had nearly as much fun as Mr. Coward in watching those difficulties as one by one they disappeared.

NOEL COWARD

You put a slight story in a large theatre, give low comedy a wide berth, write the music yourself, play a middle-aged man when you are the very essence of youth, if highly sophisticated youth, and arrange for part of the dialogue to be in French, with a French leading lady whose knowledge of English is enchantingly small. So far, so difficult. I see that it has been argued that the actual time during which French is spoken in *Conversation Piece* is about five minutes only. That may be so; but those minutes happen to be spread over the crucial parts of the plot.

Although the spectator with fair intelligence and no knowledge of French at all could get the drift of what is happening during those scenes it is a lamentable fact that a large percentage of theatre audiences not only have not the remotest knowledge of French—which should no more be expected of them than a knowledge of English should be expected of Parisian audiences—but only the remotest connection with any form of intelligence. They can appreciate a musical play which moves according to plan. But *Conversation Piece* does not move according to plan—or rather it moves according to one of Mr. Coward's plans, which are unlike those of musical-comedy librettists.

Yet Mr. Coward has brilliantly "got away with it," by which I do not suggest any criminal implication. He has given us a delightfully if slightly raffish (his own description) story of Brighton in the days of the Regency, wedded to pleasant music and to a production which is spectacular and also the last word in artistic value. I must congratulate Mr. C. B. Cochran on having done Mr. Coward so well, and Mrs. Calthrop on having designed some of the loveliest scenery and costumes seen even on His Majesty's stage.

Then there is the adorable Mlle Yvonne Printemps playing with that rare sense of mischief, with scope, too, for pathetic outbursts, the part of the pseudo-aristocratic ward of a French *emigré* duke who first hawks her as a good match and then falls in love with her himself. A great artiste. Mr. Coward is cold and sinister and middle-aged, and vastly clever as the duke. Miss Heather Thatcher shows that an English actress can prevent a delicious French colleague from having things all her own way in the charm department, and other performances of outstanding merit are those of Mr. Louis Hayward as a young English aristocrat, Mr. Athole Stewart as an elderly one, and Miss Maidie Andrews as an accommodating maid-servant.

A BOOK LIST

ARTHUR BARKER, LTD.—14A. By Laura Riding and George Ellidge. 7s. 6d. net. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—DEATH AT THE OPERA. By Gladys Mitchell. 7s. 6d. net. TEN TUDOR STATESMEN. By Arthur D. Innes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. FABER & FABER.—AFTER STRANGE GODS: A Primer of Modern Heresy—The Page-Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia, 1933. By T. S. Eliot. 3s. 6d. net. FOR FILMGOERS ONLY: The Intelligent Filmgoer's Guide to the Film. Edited by R. S. Lambert. 2s. 6d. net. FESTIVALS OF FIRE. By Ronald Bottrall. 5s. net. BRIAN WESTBY. By Forrest Reid. 7s. 6d. net. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—AS GOOD AS A MILE. By Edward Albert. 7s. 6d. net. PERILOUS GRAIN. By Una Broadbent. 8s. 6d. net. A NEW ORTHODOXY OF JESUS AND PERSONALITY. By Arthur Temple Cadoux. 5s. net. Ten Pound Series. By Sydney A. Clark: FRANCE ON £10. Illustrated by Doris Spiegel. 5s. net. GERMANY ON £10. Illustrated by Edward C. Caswell. 5s. net. ROUTLEDGE.—PROMISE TO PAY: An Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of the Latter-day Magic called sometimes High Finance. By R. McNair Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By F. A. Wright. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. THE HAWORTH PRESS.—THE NEW "EXAMEN." By John Paget. With a Critical Introduction by the Right. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. 10s. 6d. net. JONATHAN CAPE, LTD.—RED MACAW. By Phœbe Haggard. 7s. 6d. THE RIFFIAN. By Carleton S. Coon. 7s. 6d. net. THE SYCAMORE TREE. By Elizabeth Cambridge. 7s. 6d. net. THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. E. Bates. 7s. 6d. net. WM. HEINEMANN, LTD.—ITS SILLY FACE. By Nikolai Gubsky. 7s. 6d. net. CHEDSY PLACE. By Richmal Crompton. 7s. 6d. net. THE PEACEMAKER. By C. S. Forester. 7s. 6d. net. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.—JUST IMPEDIMENT. By M. E. Brothers. 7s. 6d. net. BLACK GOD. A Story of the Congo. By D. Manners-Sutton. 7s. 6d. net. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—CHEESE CARNIVAL. By Isabel Wyatt. 7s. 6d. net. FROM THIS DAY FORWARD. By Ruby M. Ayres. 7s. 6d. net. OUT WENT THE TAPER. By R. C. Ashby. 7s. 6d. net. CHATTO & WINDUS.—LOOKING BACK: An Autobiographical Excursion. By Norman Douglas. 16s. net. JARROLDS.—EXPRESS TO HOLLYWOOD. By Victor McLaglen. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. MADAM HOLLE. By Margery Lawrence. 7s. 6d. net. PANTOUFLE. By Frederick Jackson. 7s. 6d. net. HUTCHINSON & CO.—RED CLAY. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. 7s. 6d. net. FOUR GENERATIONS. By Naomi Jacobs. 7s. 6d. net. THE PIRATE'S PACK. By J. G. Sarasin. 7s. 6d. net. THE SPLENDOUR OF TORCHES. By Cosmo Hamilton. 7s. 6d. net. PETER DAVIES, LTD.—A TALE IN EVERYTHING. By Godfrey Locker-Lampson. 7s. 6d. net. STANLEY PAUL & CO.—THE LASS WITH A LANTERN. By Florence Bone. 7s. 6d. net. LOVAT DICKSON, LTD.—DRUMS OF ASIA. By Charles Trevor. 8s. 6d. net. WARD, LOCK & CO.—THE RAVENCROFT MYSTERY. By W. H. Lane Crauford. 7s. 6d. net. J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD.—MODERN RUSSIA AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN. By Cicely Hamilton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. STANLEY NOTT, LTD.—THE VICOMTE IN THE KITCHEN. By Vicomte de Mauduit. With Introductions by Frances Countess of Warwick and Elizabeth Craig. 6s. net. METHUEN & CO.—COMET 'Z.' By George Weston. 7s. 6d. net. SCOTLAND THROUGH FRENCH EYES. By Paul Henry-Bordeaux. Translated from the French by Mrs. Harold Sandwith. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. GOLLANCZ.—EVERARD BRINGLE. By John Owen. 7s. 6d. net. FIRE BRIGADE. By Raymond Otis. 7s. 6d. net. GERMAN FAMILY. By L. C. N. Stone. 7s. 6d. net. PUTNAM & CO.—THE PEREGRINE'S SAGA AND OTHER WILD TALES. By Henry Williamson. Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. 5s. net. BASIL BLACKWELL.—MOZART ON THE WAY TO PRAGUE. By Eduard Moerike. Translated from the German by Walter and Catherine Alison Phillips. 5s. net. MACMILLAN & CO.—NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS. By A. G. Macdonell. 7s. 6d. net.

BUILDING NEW ROADS AND BRIDGES

(Continued from p. 268)

years transport conditions have been highly unsatisfactory.

The existing road, with its steep gradients, is to be replaced by a wide modern highway. A tall and massive viaduct will be constructed running parallel with a smaller viaduct used by the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway.

An interesting discovery was made while the direct labour work was being carried out. When the hillside was being excavated some of the ground appeared to be running down into a hole; on further examination it was found that there was an old tunnel some 8 ft. wide by 8 ft. high running under the existing road, which appeared to be a former means of moving granite from the hillside down to the sea. The tunnel was built with dry stone masonry and the thickness from the intrados of the arch to the road surface was under 2 ft. 6 in.

It was a remarkable instance of how old structures such as this hold together in spite of theory, and it made one shudder to think that all modern main road traffic, including heavy laden lorries, steam rollers, etc., had been constantly passing over this point. Immediately on discovery, the tunnel was temporarily strutted with heavy timber and was later filled partly with dry stone and partly with concrete rammed well under the existing arch.

When completed the new road will have a 27-ft. carriageway, a 5-ft. footpath on the North side, and a 2-ft. sloping verge on the South side.

AGED...
OF RARE
MELLOWNESS...
SUBTLE BOUQUET...
DISTINCTIVE...
BY HOST... BY GUESTS...
BY ALL
PREFERRED!

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the KING, 153, Regent Street, W.1

With honours in every class

DE RESZKE— OF COURSE!

MINORS	20 for 8d.
AMERICANS	20 for 1/6
TURKS	20 for 1/-
VIRGINIAS	20 for 1/-
TENORS	25 for 3/2
BASSOS	25 for 3/9

Every De Reszke cigarette made to-day is as pure and as mild as those originally made for and smoked by the great tenor, Jean De Reszke, who gave them his name

THE CATHEDRAL OF SAN LORENZO, GENOA, which has recently been restored

The beautiful cathedral of San Lorenzo at Genoa must be one of the most restored buildings in Europe. It was consecrated in 1118, rebuilt in Gothic style in 1312, and provided with a Renaissance dome by Galeazzo Alessi in 1567. The choir was modernized in 1617, and the nave has been restored since 1896. Signor Orlando Grosso has now completed a further scheme which, as the above picture shows, brings historic harmony to this famous façade.

"A JAPANESE OMELETTE"

Major R. V. C. Bodley, whose work as a correspondent in North Africa, China, Japan, and Manchukuo is well known to our readers, has collected in volume form many of his recent impressions of the island empire and the Far East under the title of *A Japanese Omelette*. It is published by the Hokuseido Press of Tokyo. The paper seems to differ slightly in texture from that in use in this country, but otherwise, in its brightly designed wrapper and cloth binding the volume might have emanated from Paternoster Row. Some of the subject-matter will already be known to SPHERE readers, but much has been added; and in its convenient book form, and with its up-to-date information concerning the Japan of to-day, it is a necessary addition to the shelves of all students of the Far East.

NOTES and NEWS

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK

The 1934 edition of *The Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide* (Kelly's Directories. 7s. 6d.) gives the names and addresses of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in an area which may be roughly described as being bounded by Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea Reaches of the Thames on the South, Bloomsbury on the East, and West Kensington on the West. This is a most valuable reference book both for social and business use and is compiled with the accuracy for which Kelly's Directories are noted. The value of this work is greatly enhanced by the inclusion of telephone numbers in the alphabetical section.

THE JOYS OF COIN COLLECTING

Mr. John Shirley-Fox, a Fellow of the Royal Numismatic Society, has been a life-long collector of ancient coins. He is well known in this particular sphere of collecting as the author of articles in *The Numismatic Chronicle*. These are for the learned, those who can assess the merits of a gold stater of Cunobeline at a glance. The handy little volume he has now produced is for the beginner, for the author, like all true collectors, desires others to share his joys. In *The Pleasures of English Coin Collecting*, published by the Azania Press, Medstead, Hants, he gives the reader an encouraging insight into this fascinating hobby; the illustrations show nearly all the new types and denominations as they were introduced.

Mr. Shirley-Fox suggests that a good objective for a beginner would be to collect a current shilling of every reign. "If we accept those of Henry VII as being patterns, which they probably are, and those of Oliver Cromwell, which are certainly so, the dearest of the 'shillings' series ought to be buyable for 5s., while most of them cost less. The only two at all difficult to get are those of Henry VIII and Philip and Mary. But although specimens in fine state cost pounds, base testoons of Henry in moderate state, and Philip and Mary shillings, somewhat worn and perhaps holed, can often be obtained quite cheaply. This 'shilling' series provides a good-sized portrait of each Sovereign." After reading only a few pages one feels drawn towards what must be a fascinating pursuit.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA AT RANGOON: The notice bearing the words "Footwearing prohibited" causes considerable amusement among English visitors who are thus unwillingly commanded to enter the pagoda without feet

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will preside at the Annual Meeting of the Society on May 15. Reserved seats, 5s. and 2s. 6d. It is sincerely hoped that by that date the £6,000 balance of debt outstanding on the new *Arethusa* Training Ship may be cleared off. Please send a donation to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Hand-worked Smocks & Frocks

charming, distinctive yet practical and hard wearing.

NEVER OUT-OF-DATE They are ideal substitutes for overalls in all attractive homes and gardens.

SMOCKS Half length from 15/11 Full length from 21/9

SMOCKED FROCKS in Silk from 4 gns.

CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL

Forward deposit or usual references.

No. 47a.

Styles designed for individual figures or for special purposes.

NEW CATALOGUE "G"

and pattern books showing 20 styles, 20 materials, 500 colours and designs sent upon request.

Large stocks held or made to measure in any combination of colours.

LILLA 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 7751.

By Buckingham Palace

A Bungalow to any Size from Stock.

Can be removed or enlarged as required. Catalogue 993 gives 30 plans, photographs and descriptions. (Prices from £40.) Write for a copy to-day.

BOULTON & PAUL, LTD., NORWICH. See Section of Bungalow in London Showrooms: 139, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

TANGIER (MOROCCO)

The best climate in the world and only 3½ days by sea from England. (Direct sailings of P. & O., Union Castle, and Rotterdam Lloyd.)

BRITISH-OWNED VITALBA HOTELS—Restful in design, luxurious in appointment, these Hotels offer all the service and amenities of a modern first-class Hotel under expert management.

EL MINZA HOTEL 100 Rooms each with Private Bath. Toilet and Telephone. Inclusive terms 18s. to 27s. per day.

VILLA DE FRANCE HOTEL 80 Rooms with hot and cold running water. 20 Private Bathrooms. Inclusive terms 14s. to 18s. per day.

American Bars, Ballrooms, Lifts, Hotel Tennis Courts, Polo, Pigsticking, and Golf. MAGNIFICENT SEA VIEWS. Old-world charm, shady gardens, terraces.

BOOKS on SPORT

Our Catalogue No. 210 will be sent on request.

A comprehensive list of books on: Athletics, Billiards, Bowls, Boxing, Climbing, Cricket, Fencing, Fishing, Flying, Football, Golf, Hunting, Motoring, Tennis, Polo, Racing, Riding, Rowing, Sailing, Shooting, Ski-ing, etc. Write for it to-day.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 42, Wigmore Street, LONDON.

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SILVER FOX CUBS FOR SALE,

highest grade, pedigree animals for breeding purposes.

Particulars and Booklet from:—

E. H. IRELAND, A.Q. Fox Farm, RUDGWICK, SUSSEX.

I can also supply some of the Finest FURS obtainable, at producer's prices.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *February* 24, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105 · 107 · 109 · OXFORD ST., W.
BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

MODEL 4629

"SNIP" (*Regd.*)—Adaptable to any desired shape, made of finest fur-felt of the lightest possible weight, will roll for packing.
Obtainable from all Agents.

25/-

'ATLANTIS'
stands for cruising at its best

EASTER CRUISE
FROM SOUTHAMPTON
MARCH 29 to Las Palmas, Sierra Leone (Freetown) and Gambia (Bathurst), Madeira and Lisbon . 20 days
FARES FROM 37 GUINEAS

FIRST CLASS ONLY
MANY NEW FEATURES. LIMITED TO 400 PASSENGERS. ONE SITTING AT MEALS. HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER IN ALL CABINS.

Other 'Atlantis' cruises to the Mediterranean on April 20th; May 18th; June 15th. 14-26 days. Fares from 24 to 47 guineas & upwards.

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LIMITED
America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents.

FINE ENGLISH CHINA by Harrods

Exquisite new shapes, new designs, new pastel-shaded grounds . . . veritable poems in pottery . . . none the less serviceable because of their beauty! Here is, indeed, almost endless variety from which to choose, for Harrods China Departments present one of the finest collections of English China in Town.

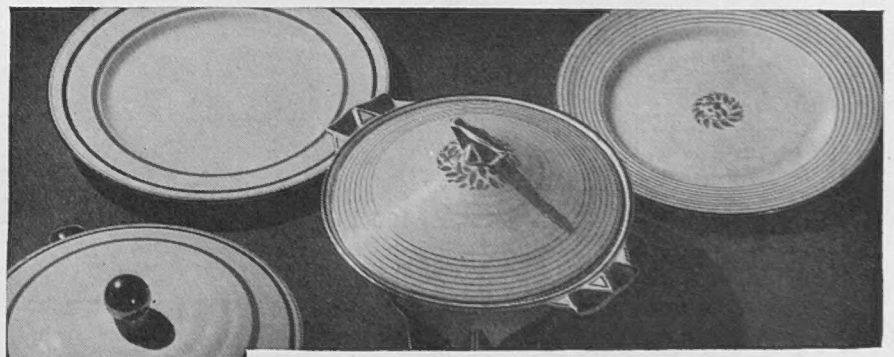
China and Glass Second Floor

COFFEE SET IN 'PARAGON' CHINA

Spherically shaped pieces in a simple, beautifully styled modern design. Powder Blue, Green or Biscuit shade, finished with Silver bands.
Fifteen pieces 50/-

MORNING SET OF 'AYNSLEY' CHINA

Dull mornings will seem brighter with tea served from this charming set. A design of eighteenth century influence in a choice of Blue or Green on Cream ground with Gold tracing. 35/6



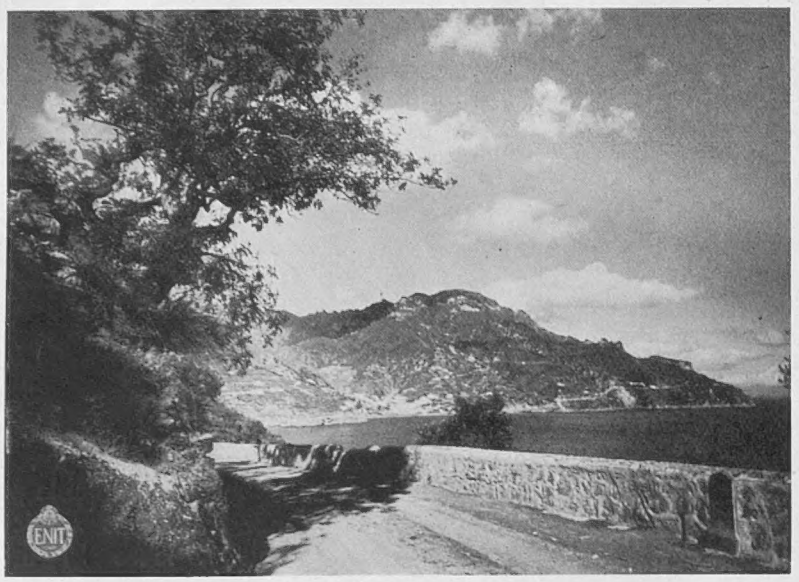
MODERN 'SPODE' DINNER SERVICE

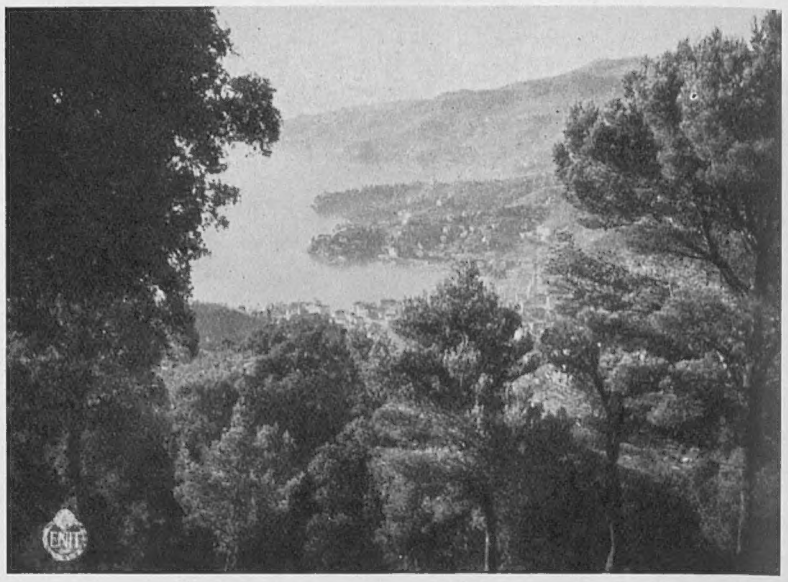
Semi-Porcelain with Green and Silver bands on warm Cream ground. (Left of photograph).
26 Piece Service £5:4:6. 52 Piece Service £9:7:6

DINNER SERVICE OF 'DUCAL' WARE

Ivory ground with decorations in Green or Wine colour finished with Gold. Semi-Porcelain. (Examples shown on right).
26 Piece Service £2:16:0. 52 Piece Service £5:8:6

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1





Oh, to be in

ITALY

Now that Spring is there!

Spring is the sunny time when **Italy** looks her best. Wherever you go in that lovely land you'll find a hospitable welcome in keeping with the season.

In **Sicily,** the orange trees are in bloom, and the soft sunlight falls on the ruins of the ancient Greek cities and the Arab and Norman monuments at **Palermo, Taormina** and **Agrigento.**

In Spring, the bay of **Naples** is a splendour of sea and sun, and **Capri, Sorrento** and **Amalfi** are in holiday mood.

Rome becomes even more lovely in this season . . .

Florence and the art cities of **Tuscany** and **Umbria** take on new airs of lightness and gaiety.

At **Merano** and **Bolzano-Gries,** Spring triumphs over the snow which lingers on the surrounding mountains.

The **Italian Riviera** decks itself in sunlight and in flowers all along its coast: **Genoa, San Remo, Bordighera, Alassio, Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Nervi, Pegli, Varazze, Sestri Levante** and **Arenzano; Abbazia** and **Laurana,** on the shores of the **Adriatic Sea** become even more attractive.

Rhodes, the island of roses, and **Tripoli,** where the Annual Spring Fair will be held, are welcoming throngs of visitors.

Why not join them? **Italy** in the Spring is so delightful—and so inexpensive.

50–70% Reductions on Railway Fares

ROME GRAND HOTEL CONTINENTAL
300 beds. Board from Lire 45

AGRIGENTO HOTEL DES TEMPLES

FLORENCE *First Class Hotels—*

CAVOUR
EXCELSIOR
FLORENCE WASHINGTON
GRAND HOTEL
GRAND HOTEL BAGLIONI PALACE
GRANDE BRETAGNE
HELVETIA
MAJESTIC
MINERVA
ROMA
SAVOIA

All Comforts — Low Rates

MERANO

SANATORIUM MARTINSBRUNN
PARK HOTEL. Maia Alta. O. Panzer. 180 beds.
HOTEL AUSTRIA. 60 beds. Pension from Lire 35 (10/6)
HOTEL ESPLANADE. 150 beds. Pension from Lire 35 (10/6)

For information apply to:—**E. N. I. T., Italian State Tourist Department, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1**

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

FRANCE.

Hyeres.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquets. Inclusive rates from Frs. 65 C. Borgo, Manager.

CANNES.

Hotel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Beautiful grounds. Pullman Car to Golf and Casino.

Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society

Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Frs. 50.

MENTON.

Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Frs. 50. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Winter Palace.—
High-class
though inexpensive.

MONTE CARLO.

Hotel des Etrangers.—Sunny rooms with full pension from Frs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

NICE.

Terminus Hotel.
Facing Station—Full South.
Quite up-to-date.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front. Large Park. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

GENEVA.

Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Near station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

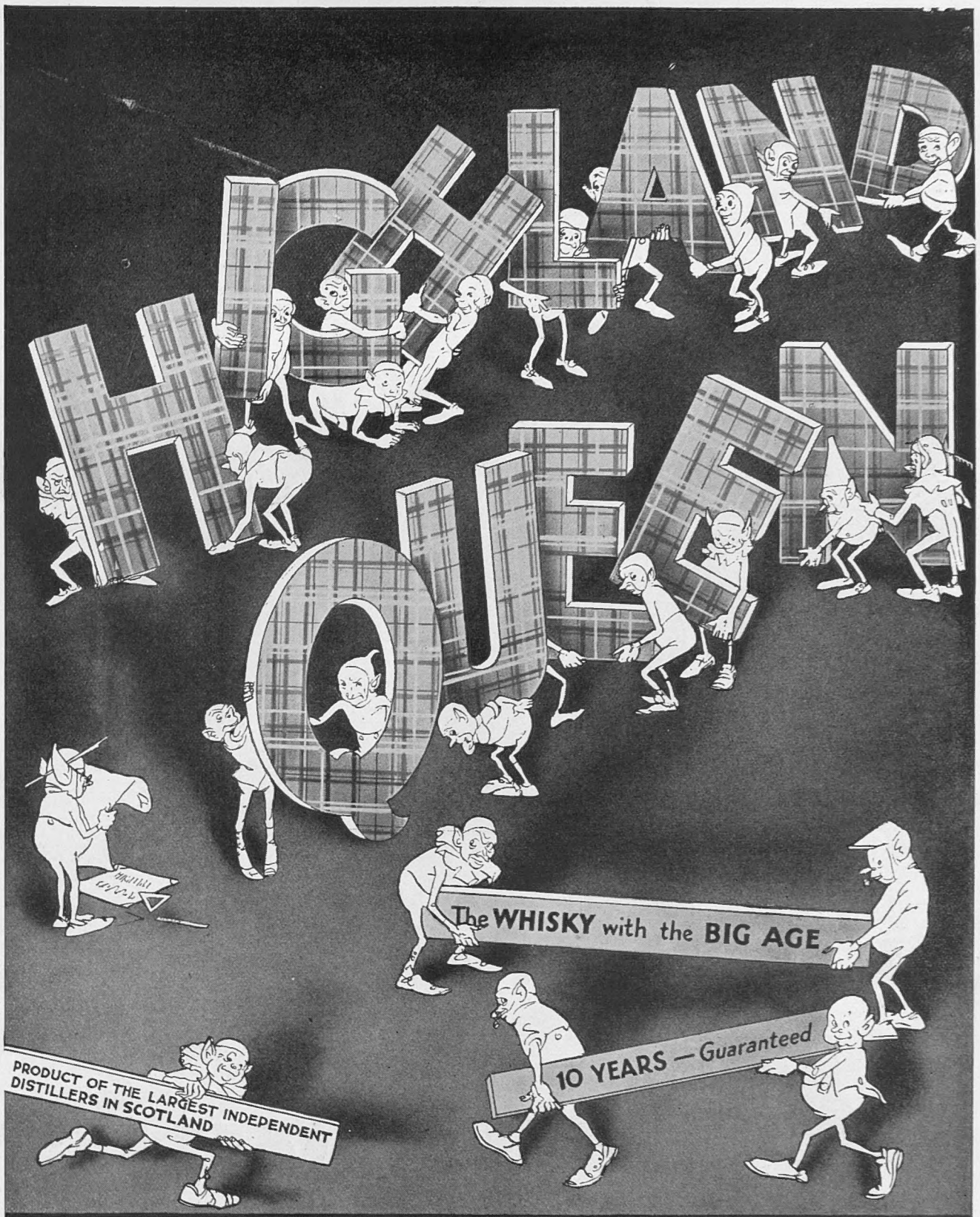
Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE:
65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.



MACDONALD & MUIR, Distillers, LEITH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

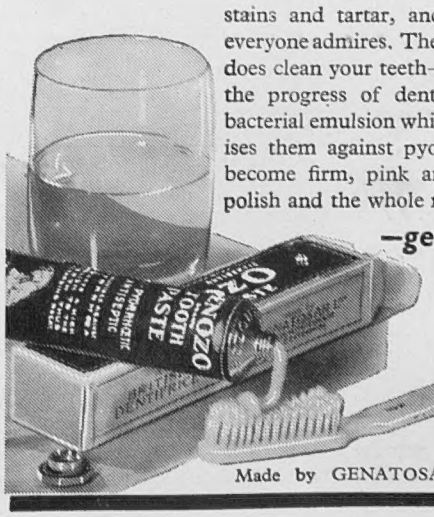
Leather is cheaper if it's — **BARTONIAN** —the inexpensive REAL MOROCCO for FURNITURE UPHOLSTERY

Obtainable at all high-class Furnishing Houses.

Sole Mfrs. CROTTY & POLSUE, 27-29 Berwick Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6ft. 3½ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp, S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarboro', England. (P.O. *Box 15*).

WHEN BUYING TOOTH PASTE



you do so with the intention of cleaning your teeth—removing stains and tartar, and restoring that pearly whiteness which everyone admires. Then **why Genozo? Because** Genozo does clean your teeth—and more. It represents the latest step in the progress of dental hygiene. One of the ingredients, a bacterial emulsion which is absorbed by the gum tissues, immunises them against pyorrhœa. After a few brushings the gums become firm, pink and healthy, the teeth assume a brilliant polish and the whole mouth feels fresh and clean.

—get **GENOZO** BRAND **TOOTH PASTE**

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOUR.

Of all Chemists 1/3 & 2/- (double quantity)

Made by GENATOSAN LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

BENGER'S Food for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED

323

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/-

The Sign of the Perfect Blend

"BLACK & WHITE"

WHISKY

World Renowned for Age & Quality

10631

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2. *February* 24, 1934. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.